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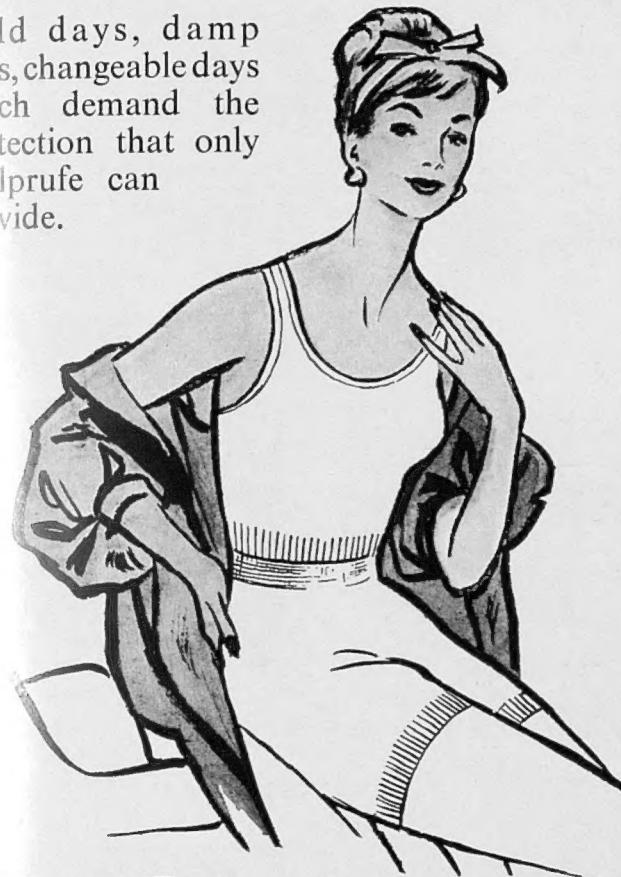
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Volume CCXXXIX Number 3099

18 JANUARY 1961

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THINGS (and people) ARE MOVING

THE fashion writers are already packing their bags for Paris and the annual unveiling of the spring collections. The Tatler will be publishing a photographic report on the new fashions in a few weeks' time, as usual. Meanwhile Denise Colomb has sent some "at home" pictures of one of the couturiers whose clothes will be included. He is the Marquis del Castillo, of Lanvin-Castillo, and the setting he lives in is seen to be as ambitious as any salon. He has long collected and surrounded himself with objets d'art, rich furnishings and historic mementoes. Some of them can be inspected in *The elegant fancies of a leader of fashion* (page 97 onwards) . . . Also ready to go travelling is Muriel Bowen, who will be reporting the social side of the Queen's visit to India and Pakistan. The Queen and Prince Philip leave this week for their royal tour, which will also take in Nepal and Persia. Near Jaipur the Queen should have a chance to bag a tiger. Elaborate preparations for the shoot have been going on for weeks, and Cecilie Leslie reports from India (page 100) what is entailed in tempting a tiger into the right place at the right time . . . For Miss Bowen this month is life out of a suitcase, for she has not long unpacked from her trip to the winter sports centres. This week she describes, with photographs by Tom Hustler, what's been going on in Klosters (page 102 onwards) . . . Finally, a fascinating glimpse of what art is coming to. See *Tools of a trade* (page 120) . . .

The cover:



Shall we be seeing this in England in 1961? The new law comes into force this month and The new deal for gamblers is authoritatively outlined by Billy Rees-Davies, M.P., the barrister who was one of the moving spirits behind the reform (page 109). The cover scene was photographed by SYDNEY PIZAN. Equipment from Asprey & Co. of New Bond Street. Hair by Harold.

Next week: The Tatler's annual Travel Number . . .



GOING PLACES

SOCIAL

In Switzerland

British Ladies Ski Racing Week, until 21 January, Villars.

Cresta Ball, 20 January, Kühm Hotel, St. Moritz.

Toboggan Races: Freeman Cup (men) and Higgins Cup (women), January 22, Davos.

British Army Ski Championships, 24/25 January, St. Moritz.

British Inter-Services Cresta Championships, 28/29 January, St. Moritz.

Bob Ball, 4 February, Palace Hotel, St. Moritz.

At home

Hunt Balls on 20 January: the Cowdray, at Cowdray House; the Heythrop.

SPORT

Race meetings: Lingfield Park, today & 19; Newbury, 20, 21; Catterick Bridge, 21; Wolverhampton, 21, 23; Plumpton, 25 January. **Rugby**: Scotland v. South Africa, Murrayfield, Edinburgh; Wales v. England, Cardiff, 21 January; North of Scotland v. South Africa, Aberdeen, 25 January; Ulster v. South Africa, Ravenhill, Belfast, 28 January.

Hockey: North v. Rest of England, Brooklands, 21 January.

Ladies' Lacrosse: West v. North, Cheltenham, 21 January; South v. East, Chiswick, 25 January.

BRIGGS by Graham



ART

Royal Academy Winter Exhibition—

“The Age of Charles II,” Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1, to 26 February.

The Treasures of Trinity Exhibition, at the Royal Academy, to 5 March (including the Book of Kells), in aid of Trinity College Dublin Library Extension Fund.

Women's International Art Club Exhibition, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., to 28 January.

Drawings by Sir Muirhead Bone, Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Rd., to 5 February.

Zadkine, at the Tate Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1, to 12 February.

Picasso en Gravures, Redfern Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1, to 27 January.

Landscape for Living, Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1, to 4 February.

Flower Paintings, Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 26 Conduit Street, W.1, to 28 January.

EXHIBITIONS

Pottery, Glass & Tableware Exhibition, Olympia, to 21 January.

The Physical Society Exhibition, Royal Horticultural Society's Halls, Westminster, to 20 January.

Cook & Serve Exhibition, by Poole Pottery, Tea Centre, Lower Regent St., to 28 January.

AUCTION SALES

Sotheby's. 18th-century & modern paintings & drawings, today; English & foreign silver & plate, 19 January; Works of art, Oriental carpets, clocks, ormolu, English & Continental furniture, 20 January; Amber carvings, portrait miniatures, 23 January; Islamic pottery & Italian maiolica, 24 January; Old Master paintings & drawings, 25 January. All 11 a.m.

FIRST NIGHTS

Arts Theatre. *Three*, tonight.

St. Martin's Theatre. *The Bargain*, 19 January.

Royalty Theatre. *Masterpiece*, 26 January.

Coliseum. *Tokyo* 1961, 28 January.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 124.

Chin-Chin. “... something of a temperance tract brought horrifyingly up to date... an admirable vehicle for finely-nuanced acting.” Anthony Quayle, Celia Johnson, Brian Smith. (Wyndham's Theatre, TEM 3028.)

The Caretaker. “... Mr. Harold Pinter... has found a way of pleasing, as well as slightly dazzling, an audience. Brilliantly directed and acted.” Donald Pleasence, Peter Woodthorpe, Alan Bates (Duchess Theatre, TEM 8243.)

The Gazebo. “... a comedy-thriller likely to please many playgoers... chance after chance for the display of comic consternation.” Ian Carmichael, Moira Lister. (Savoy Theatre, TEM 8888.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 125.

G.R. = General release

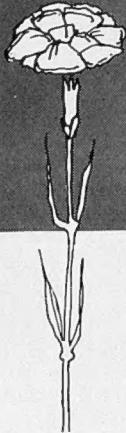
Swiss Family Robinson. “... Here's a picture that will delight the young and can be relied upon not to bore their elders... it rounded off the old year most pleasantly for me.” John Mills, Dorothy M Guire, James MacArthur, Tommy Kirk, Kevin Corcoran. (Studio One, GER 3300.)

Pollyanna. “... miraculously restores one's faith in human nature... strong men sobbed like children. ... You must not miss this remarkable experience.” Hayley Mills, Jane Wyman, Richard Egan, Adolphe Menjou. **G.R.**

La Dolce Vita. “... Do not let me lead you to believe that this is anything but a major, and often quite magical, work. It is just that I don't find life and people as hopeless and depressing as Signor Fellini makes them appear. The acting is quite superb.” Marcello Mastroianni, Anita Ekberg, Lex Barker. (Columbia, REG 5414, & Curzon, GRO 3737.)



GOING PLACES IN THE THEATRE this year according to confident report is stage and film actor Jeremy Brett, who gets his biggest television chance on Sunday in ABC's *Armchair Theatre* production of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. Mr. Brett, 27, an old-Etonian and the husband of actress Anna Massey, plays the title role in Oscar Wilde's cynical fantasy of the young aristocrat whose sins are etched on the features of a portrait while his own face remains youthful and unchanged. And an actor able to simulate anguished remorse within inches of an impassive camera while clutching a lamp steadied at the correct angle by a kneeling technician should have small difficulty in achieving the suspension of disbelief required by the Wildean tour de force



GOING PLACES LATE

Douglas Sutherland

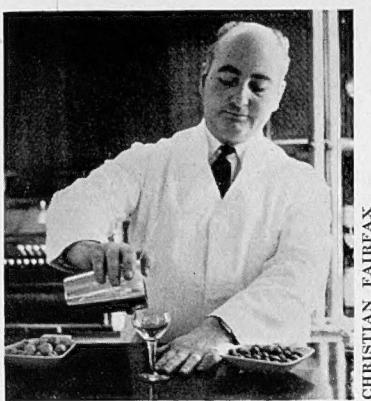
The round in St. Moritz

LAST WEEK I TRIED GOING PLACES late in Switzerland, starting with a late night flight by B.E.A. to Zurich which cost me £22 10s. return. Train to St. Moritz cost another £3 return. Because I have never believed in the "I-know-a-little-place" tipster I stayed at the Palace, which must surely rate among the best hotels in the world. There the service has that air of almost accidental efficiency so beloved by the English and intimidating to even the most exacting Americans. In the hotel itself you can play any sedentary game from bridge to backgammon, practice golf shots, have a set or two of tennis, bowl or simply dance and drink until any hour of the morning without apparently disturbing any of those few strong-minded characters who claim that they come to St. Moritz for peace and quiet and to get away from it all.

It's not really my function in

this column to mention mere daytime pursuits like hurtling down the Cresta at an hour when most late nighters are thinking of climbing into bed. One must remark however that the therapeutic qualities of the air are such as to enable night owls to survive the most rigorous going places late and still come up for more next morning. Most drastic and effective way of avoiding a well-deserved hangover is, I have found, a trip by helicopter to the top of the Corviglia at first light. At 20 francs return why doesn't everybody do it?

You can hardly expect the Palace to be cheap but then what good hotel is? But with a little care and attention it's possible to avoid getting the sort of bill that will keep you at home for the rest of the year. First golden rule is never order large drinks for all your friends, however much you may feel that your performance on the ski slopes



KNOW YOUR BARMAN—1. The Savoy: For the last six years Joe Gilmore has presided imperturbably at the American Bar. His latest cocktail is the Lorraine, conceived in honour of General de Gaulle's visit to London last year: $\frac{1}{2}$ gin, $\frac{1}{4}$ Lillet, $\frac{1}{4}$ Grand Marnier. Stir on ice and serve

needs celebrating. A single is as big as most doubles elsewhere and still costs plenty. You can also drink excellent Swiss beer and dance the night through to two of the best bands in Europe for a matter of a few shillings. Put yourself in the hands of Roger in the Renaissance bar (quiet and smart) or Remy in the nightclub bar and don't be afraid of asking prices.

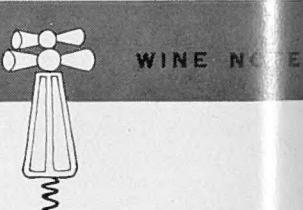
Another top spot in St. Moritz is the Chesa Viglia, housed in the oldest building in the town. There is dancing (three bands) and the food is excellent. I specially recommend the tea dance for the younger generation who like crush and noise and a gay band, and the grillroom

upstairs later on for the gourmet who has worked up a healthy appetite. Incidentally the Chesa Viglia belongs to the Badrutt family, who also own the Palace. Theirs must be one of the best-known names in hotel business and old friends will be interested to learn that both brothers Andrea and Hansjurg got married last year.

Another well-known name in St. Moritz is that of Zen Ruffenin who owns the Hotel Caspar Badrutt and whose late night Taverna, where your food is cooked at the table under the expert eye of Gino, has a big reputation. Farther down the financial scale but no less fun is the Zigane where you eat off the spit with your fingers and the clientele is almost equally divided between visitors and locals—itself a recommendation.

I would not like to finish this column without a word about my old friend Lusito in the bar at the Kilm Hotel who still remembers old friends and their likes and dislikes with an uncanny and flattering accuracy. His bar is much used by Cresta Run addicts and enjoys much the same reputation as Hatchets in London in the old days—if you sit there long enough someone you know is bound to walk in. Final note for skiers: the fabulous Corvatsch development which bids fair to set St. Moritz firmly at the top of the ski-resort ladder is being held up by legal difficulties but, Andrea Badrutt tells me, there are high hopes of a clear go-ahead being obtained in the very near future.

château-bottled Haut Brion of the same year, and a 1937 Musigny.



GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White



A standard maintained

ently Gow's is popular with visiting farmers as well as London businessmen. *W.B.*

Trocadero Grill, Shaftesbury Avenue. (GER 6920.) The high quality of the food and service here are so well known that they need no praise from me, but two outstanding wines I drank there recently are worthy of mention. They are a 1958 Pouilly Fumé, which was matched to a *Soufflé Homard*, and a 1950 Château Mouton Rothschild with *Chicken à la Kiev*. Satisfaction was complete. *W.B.*

Veerawamy's, 99 Regent Street, W.1. (REG 1401.) A curry can be—well, just a curry, or a blend of high-quality ingredients, research and the secrets of a craftsman in the kitchen. And that is what it is in this restaurant, for the power behind the scenes, former M.P. Sir William Steward, is constantly seeking new ideas, and often visits the East. Incidentally, this restaurant is more Eastern in its décor than many in India and Pakistan today, and the service is up to the prewar standard of the Byculla Club. A 3-course dinner costs 15s. 6d., luncheon 13s. 6d., and don't miss the Indian sweets. *W.B.*

Edlins, Brighton. Permanent owner of part of my heart, Brighton is winning back her prewar reputation as a town for worthwhile eating. Congratulations to Edlins for putting on recently a "Culinary Week for the Gourmet" in their Abinger House restaurant, one of the outstanding Regency houses in the town. The dishes, to which seven chefs contributed, included *Truite à la Crème des Alpes*, *Osso Buco Cremolata*, and *Ragoût de Lievre au Vin Rouge*, *Spatzzi au beurre*. Among the wines were a 1929 Montrachet (Pierre Ponnelle), a

C.S. = Closed Sundays
W.B. = Wise to book a table

Gow's, 37 St. Martin's Lane (near the Coliseum). TEM 0615. C.S. In some respects this restaurant is a much-needed throwback. It has the noise, bustle, laughter and mixed company of a pre-1938 chop house. Your neighbour on one side may be drinking champagne, and on the other a pint of bitter; both will seem equally happy. The fish and the steaks are up to the standard set by Gow's long ago. Allow 15s. to 18s. for food and you will go away contented. Signifi-

The 1958 Port. I was able to taste this wine recently at Sandeman's cellars in St. Swithin's Lane, before the traditional Christmas luncheon. There is no doubt that it has considerable promise. After the luncheon we drank the splendid 1934 vintage, and heard news of 1960. Mr. Tim Sandeman was prepared to lay anyone £10 that it would be declared a vintage year. The answer will be known in 1962.

New Brandy Mark. The House of Martell, founded nearly 250 years ago, introduced recently a new mark. It is "Medallion," and the bottle bears a portrait of the Grand Monarque Louis XIV. It contains a Fine Champagne, i.e. Liqueur Brandy, and six discriminating drinkers to whom I offered it recently pronounced favourably on its quality. At 52s. 6d. per bottle, the price is reasonable.

GOING PLACES ABROAD

Doone Beal

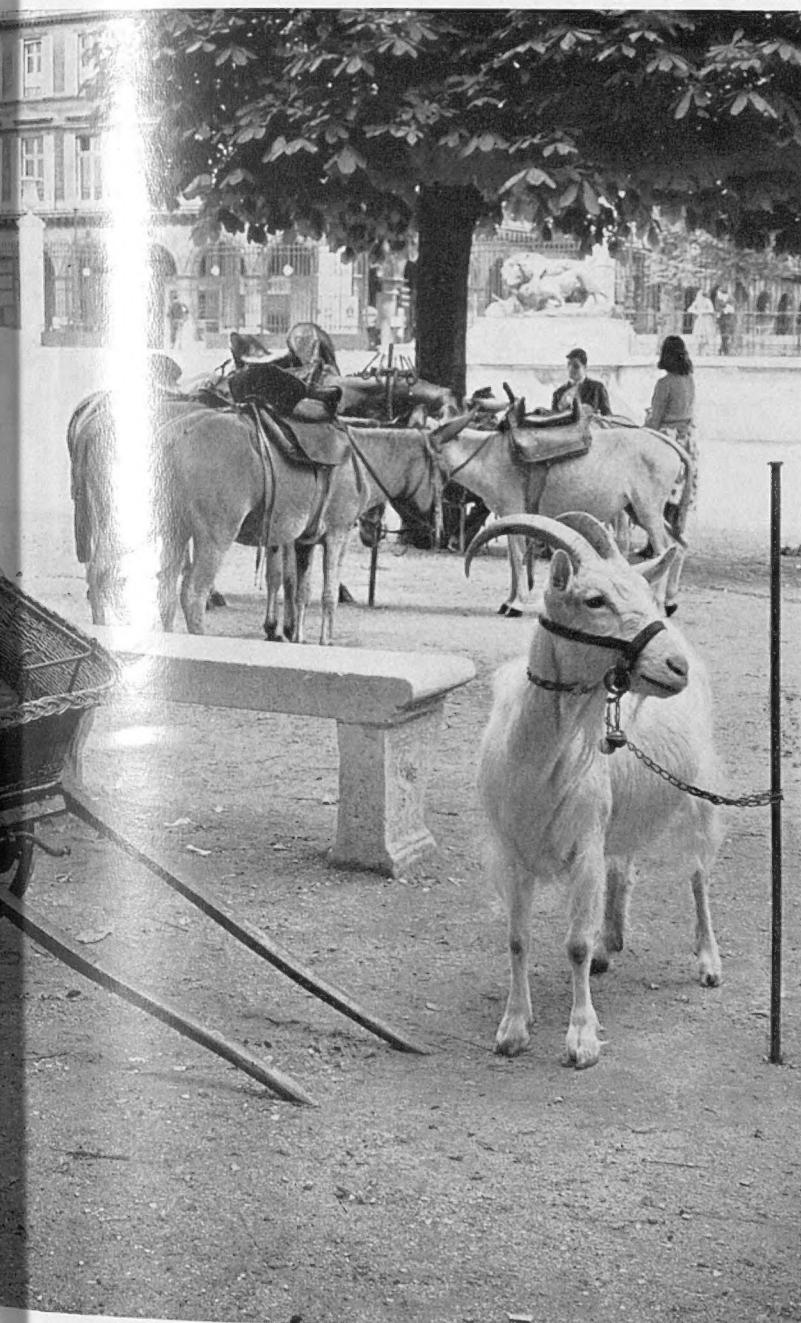
Rejudgment
of Paris

At the bottom of the rue de Seine is a print shop whose windows always have been decorated with Chinese horses, and probably always will. One of the good things about Paris is that it does not change. New York is forever getting its teeth drawn, architecturally speaking, and some of London's vistas will soon be unrecognizable. But Paris, with its pale, peeling shutters

and the elegant shabbiness of its buildings, has the air of a faded belle who can still outcommand her juniors.

No, Paris has not changed. But since the days when it was the only capital city resort of Europe, Copenhagen and Stockholm have out-paced it in new and comfortable hotels (not one has been built in Paris since the war.) Both Rome

LEWIS MORLEY



and Florence have better and cheaper shops. Some of the best of the Scandinavian, Italian and Swiss restaurants rival those of Paris, and the gastronomic gap even between Paris and London has, during the last couple of years, been considerably narrowed from this end. All of which combines to alter the perspective, and induce a disillusionment which can only come from revisiting, after a few years, a place one loves and of which—perhaps—one expects too much.

Yet there is no other European city in which one can amble, menu-shopping, along the streets and be so certain of good food, even taken on chance. An unjustified criticism of Paris is that its restaurants are impossibly expensive. For some years now, food has cost the same as in London for comparable restaurants. One does not eat better for less, but—for the most part—better for the same amount.

The great temples such as Escargot, the Vert-Galant and Chateugny cost around £4 a head. In them, one dines as well as anywhere in the world. But there are some dependable smaller restaurants where you do very well for half that price, including aperitif and wine. For example the Champs de Mars, in the avenue de la Motte Picquet. The décor is traditional, with potted palms, putty coloured walls and lots of glass. The cuisine is Nivernaise: *civet de lièvre*, *faisan sur croustade* and excellent *gigot*. The Loire wines from the same area include an excellent Sancerre which can be drunk with practically anything.

Two more in this category are the Mommaton, 17 avenue de Neuilly (traditional, with a huge menu but particularly good seafood), and Yvonne, in the rue Bassano just off the George V. This one is comparatively new. At lunchtime it is tellingly crowded, and they always have a good *plat du jour* of some interesting regional type, such as *blanquette de veau*. But go there in the evening if you want to dine leisurely.

Quite a step below this price bracket ("for when you are broken," counselled a Frenchman), the Rose de France in the place Dauphine happens also to be one of the most charming, and is one of the few bistros not to charge new and fancy prices. The food is simple and the menu limited, but a great appeal is being able to lunch outside in summer, and have almost the same view of plane trees dappling the water as the patrons of the Vert-Galant, a block away!

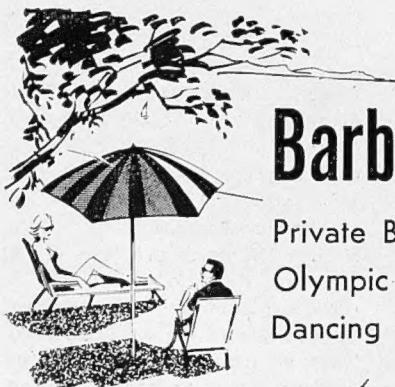
Yet I sank back, finally and gratefully, at a table in the Bossu

(Isle St. Louis), which is still the most reasonably priced of the great restaurants. The mainstays of its menu are *quiche de homard*, *poulet à l'estragon* and the rich, delectable *boeuf au Jerez* which takes three days to prepare and tastes like it. It is worth every franc for its ambience and service, as well as its food. Of the true price-stingers, I will not dwell on anything so obvious as ordering a Scotch and soda in any of the big hotel bars. There are more subtle traps such as a new and modest looking Russian restaurant: Chez Mousseia in the rue Leon Just. Their menu prices are disarmingly normal, but you pay for "entertainment"—by which is meant violinists playing all but into your tonsils—which amounts to just under £1 each for a glass of vodka. One pays only a little more to sit through the whole works offered by the Lido cabaret, and half the price for a drink in the Calvados: a pleasant little late bar with pianist, which seems to have evolved into one of the most chic small night clubs in Paris.

In terms of food, entertainment and shopping, it seems that it costs little more to have the best than to scour the city for a substitute. I was interested to find out that at both Balmain and Cardin's boutiques, clothes can be made to measure (though without a fitting) for the same price as the ready-to-wear in the shops of the faubourg St. Honoré and the newly fashionable avenue Victor Hugo. The price, in either case, being around 550 new francs (about £41.) And bear in mind that both shops and couture houses offer 20 per cent discount on travellers' cheques. You might see the dress you had dreamed about, but never thought of in concrete terms: but practically speaking, the best shopping in Paris is still for accessories: beautifully made handbags, gloves, flowers and belts. Some good small boutiques have sprung up on the Left Bank, around the boulevard St. Michel and the rue de Bac; and oddly enough, in the obvious Champs Elysées (try a bag shop Romance, opposite the George V).

In spite of warnings about traffic congestion and parking, I found a car an enormous boon in Paris. The Hertz company rent *deux chevaux* Citroëns and the Fiat 500 for under £1 a day, which represents quite a saving on taxis if one is to move around, especially in the evening. They will deliver and collect the car at the station, the airport, or any address in Paris, the bill being payable in London. Their service, as I have always found it to be in the past, is quick, courteous and efficient.

Never-changing Paris; chestnut trees and statues and the children's garden in the Tuileries. Here, generations of children have ridden on the ponies and scampered in the hot dust just across the rue de Rivoli



Barbados Holiday?

Private Beach Club and Beach
Olympic Pool · West Indian Luas
Dancing · Cordon Bleu Kitchen

Eastry House

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Eastry House is a social hotel in every sense of the word. Under the personal management of the owners, the hotel is operated rather like a club... gracious and friendly... happily combining the carefree life of the tropics with the charm of the Continent.

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Nephew of a duke, the Spanish-born head of Lanvin-Castillo keeps up the style of a Spanish grandee at his Paris flat on the Esplanade des Invalides, where he collects Fabergé jewellery, paintings that please him, and precious bric-à-brac unlimited



THE ELEGANT FANCIES OF A LEADER OF FASHION



Leopardskin couch (left) makes a suitably exotic setting for Antonio Canovas del Castillo del Rey. Top left: Cigarette boxes from his Fabergé collection, a portrait of his parents, and a 15th-century Spanish madonna, a family heirloom. Top right: A lifetime of friends includes (background) Princess Chavchavadze, and (from left) Princess de Polignac, Mrs. Patrick Guinness, Barbara Hutton, the Vicomtesse de Noailles and Dolores del Rio. Castillo is the nephew of a Spanish Prime Minister, Duke Canovas del Castillo

THE
ELEGANT
FANCIES
OF A
LEADER
OF FASHION
concluded



17th-century medallion



A landscape mural taken from Goya (left). 17th-century French chandelier. Opposite: Candles are lighted in the evenings to provide illumination for the drawing-room from two Spanish chandeliers, which Castillo will not have electrified. He has two other homes, one in Spain where he stays a lot off-season. An individualist in other things besides décor, he considers 13 lucky—having been born on 13 December 1908. He likes to take major decisions on the 13th, and signed his Lanvin contract 10 years ago on 13 November



Bérard, a friend until he died, painted the picture (in the top left hand corner of this group) of Coco Chanel. It was after meeting her when he first came to Paris that Castillo decided to take up the same line of business. He went to New York, worked for Elizabeth Arden's, then directed the late American house of Paquin before returning to Paris

A transistor portable on the side table (far left) brings a contemporary touch to the bathroom. The horns are 18th-century English. Sky-blue damask canopies the bed, set against walls draped with red fabric. The writing desk, of enormous proportions, is also in the bedroom



The Queen leaves this week for India

and opposite is one of the official

photographs to mark the royal tour. An

early excitement will be a tiger shoot

near Jaipur, the elaborate preparations

for which are described. It sounds like

Taking a tiger for a ride

NEXT Monday the Queen may bag a tiger. A shoot has been arranged in the great game preserve of Sawai Madhopur, about 100 miles from Jaipur, in Rajasthan. The Queen and Prince Philip will be staying with the Maharaja and Maharani of Jaipur, who have commissioned one of the most famous shikaris in India, Colonel Kesri Singh, to organize the event.

The colonel has shot more tigers than Jim Corbett, who wrote the best-selling *Man-Eaters of the Kumaon*, and like him he has also written an account of his adventures. It was published recently in England under the title of *The Tiger of Rajasthan*, and in the States under *A Thousand Tigers and One Man*. He was for 37 years Conservator of Forests, and Game Warden, first to the Maharaja of Gwalior, then to the Maharaja of Jaipur.

The colonel's preparations for the royal tiger shoot began early in December. He selected six areas in the Sawai Madhopur forests, and erected machans or repaired those already there. "I wanted to give the wild life plenty of time to become accustomed to them," he explained. As soon as the whereabouts of a tiger became known, its movements were carefully watched. As, at night, the tiger prefers footpaths to the jungle, sand was sprinkled in places to trace pug-marks. Then "stops" were placed in trees. As sportsmen know, a "stop" is a man who is posted, usually in a tree, with a woodsman's axe. If he sees a tiger he makes a gentle chopping noise. The tiger is familiar with this sound: it is not enough to alarm him, but usually deflects his course.

The area in which a tiger is known to be is then baited, and the baits are moved nearer and nearer to the machans. After the first kill the tiger is allowed to drag the carcass to a hideout of his own choosing, but as food continues to be provided, the tiger finds he can no longer remove his kill. Provided this is done gradually his suspicions will not be aroused, and he will return to the spot where he left the carcass.

Before long the colonel had received news of three tigers, and hoped to have one in each of the six areas by the time of the royal visit. On Sunday he will find out in which



*Colonel
Kesri Singh*

area a tiger has most recently killed, and there he will place several "stops." At dawn next day, the colonel will send instructions to the royal camp where to bring the Queen, who will be staying in the Maharaja of Jaipur's permanent camp at Sawai Madhopur.

This is not in the wilds, but in a town with a railway junction and a cement factory. It is, however, only 15 miles from the thickly-wooded jungle where tigers abound. The camp consists of a small house with a dining-room, a lounge and two suites of rooms. Only the Queen and the Prince will be accommodated there. The rest of the party, including the Maharaja, will be under canvas in the grounds.

While the Queen and the Prince drive out by jeep to the machan, the colonel will be assembling his beaters. He hopes then to return to the machan, help the Queen into it by 11 a.m., and then, on foot, make his way back about one and a half miles to where the beat will start.

"I engage about 200 men and give each a small brass disc. Only those who have them will be paid. That stops every able-bodied man from miles around saying that he was beating for me and demanding payment.

"After the tiger kills, he drinks, eats, then lies up in the jungle during the heat of the day. I like to arouse him, but not scare him, and tell my beaters to have a quiet beat. But the men get too excited, and out of fear bang tins and drums as loudly as they can. I will try to arrange it so that the beaters drive the tiger from his hiding place to his natural retreat *via* the Queen's machan. In other words the Queen will be sitting between the tiger and his safety. I have to do this because no tiger will cross open ground from good cover unless it is to gain his natural retreat. Even so, there's always a chance that he will break through the line of beaters and escape into the jungle."

As every shikari knows, there are a 101 factors which may make it impossible for the Queen to bag a tiger. But with luck, and the help of Colonel Kesri Singh, the chances are that there will soon be an even more impressive testimony to her marksmanship than the stags she has bagged in Scotland.

Cecilie Leslie

PHOTOGRAPH:
ANTHONY RUCKLEY



KLOSTERS

REPORTED BY MURIEL BOWEN

ONE of the most enchanting of the little Alpine ski centres that were no more than names before the war is Klosters—and I'm hoping it will stay that way. But at the rate it is rising socially I fear that in a few years it will have lost much of its village quality and become much more of a resort. A snow-cushioned cluster of sturdy chalets, it has a kind of Chelsea-Kensington atmosphere, especially if you listen to the chatter. There was some disappointment locally that none of the Kents had come out this year—the Duke was over two years ago and Prince Michael came last year.

But English names crowd the hotel registers and English accents echoed across the mountains as I climbed one morning to watch a slalom.

"Come on! Put your weight back—*back! Farther back!*" called Mr. Charles Palmer-Tomkinson, as his sister Sarah, aged 11, took on the champions. Charles, who is at the Royal Agricultural College, is the new British ski champion. His father was killed skiing at Klosters eight years ago, but the family come back again and again to the village, skiing better each year. This year Charles and his younger

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104



CHAMPION: Mr. Charles Palmer-Tomkinson (a student at Cirencester) later won the British Ski title at Mürren

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOM HUSTLER



KLOSTERS: *The village seen from a ski slope on the northern side*



Miss Cynthia Roberts,
daughter of Mr. & Mrs.
Henry Roberts who come to
Klosters every year from
Buenos Aires

*The Five to Five Club: Giovanni Borgese from Rome plays.
Hollow logs hold members' bottles of wine*



brother, Jeremy (who is at Eton), also won the Marden's Club fancy-dress slalom, held annually on New Year's Day.

The enterprising Marden's, which is to Klosters what the Kandahar is to Mürren and the Downhill Only to Wengen, has 450 members, mostly made up of family groups. This New Year Slalom is a lighthearted affair for family pairs, each pair being roped together. Mr. **Henry Roberts** and his son John were second. About 14 pairs took part and the race was in falling snow with low visibility. But as Dr. **Jane Scott-Brown**, the honorary secretary of Marden's, told me: "It has never failed yet as a means of getting everybody up after the night before!" I met her, her cheeks flushed with good health, in the Grand Hotel Vereina where she conducted an evening advice bureau which was the best of these things I've ever come across.

Klosters is the sort of place good skiers like. You can ski into Austria, or whizz down the Parsenn—the longest ski-run in Europe. Just now Mr. & Mrs. **Douglas Fairbanks** are staying there. So are **Col. Patrick Lort-Phillips** (recently unsuccessful Liberal candidate for Nye Bevan's old seat) & Mrs. Lort-Phillips, **Sir Herbert Ingram, Bt.**, & his brother Mr. **Michael Ingram**, and Mr. & Mrs. **Jack Durlacher**, who were going on to Wengen so that their children could compete in the British Junior Ski Championships.

The slopes were full of family advice. "You'll have to go faster this time," called out Miss **Cynthia Roberts** to her big brother, John, who skis for Oxford. The banking Robertses are Klosters regulars. They come every year from Argentina. Going up on the ski lift (known inevitably as "the Meat Hook") were Mr. & Mrs. **Kenneth Sharp** from Warwickshire, and so was Mr. **Simon Ingall** who is at Christ Church and skis for Oxford. **Col. & Mrs. Brian Adams** and their son Roger, Miss **Caroline Bacon** from Cheshire and Mr. & Mrs. **Terence Kilmartin** and their children, Christopher, 8, and Olivia, 6.

Après-ski there is a joyous pounding as ski boots get on the dance floor. After hot chocolate (topped with whipped cream) skiers bundle into thick sweaters and gather at such places as the Chesa Grischuna. As everything in Klosters is within easy reach they arrive on their feet, walking past the rink where German voices croon gutturally to the dancers on the ice. The Chesa Grischuna is luxuriously

Après-ski tea at the Vereina Hotel for Mrs. J. Kinloch-Jones from Chelsea, and Commander Michael Blake, R.N.





Dr. Jane Scott-Brown, Marden's Club representative, starts a competition in a ski race. Miss Bronwen Lort-Phillips noted times. Below: Mr. & Mrs. Dane Bousted of Shambles Green with their daughters Deirdre (18) and Sarah (8)



rustic good As the slopes one notices the family atmosphere. Mr. & Mrs. **Instone Bloomfield**, and Mr. & Mrs. **Richard Hartley** all had their families with them. Mr. **O. Prior-Palmer**, who was the Ski Club of Great Britain representative during his Oxford vacation, was

Mrs. **Valerie Kilmartin** with her children Christopher (8) and Olivia (6)



Watching the skating exhibition: Mr. & Mrs. Rex Chester from Winchester

later joined by his parents, **Sir Otho Prior-Palmer, M.P.**, & **Lady Prior-Palmer**.

An amusing new club was opened last year by Mr. Giorgio Rocco, who runs the Hotel Silvretta. This is the Five to Five, opening at 5 p.m. and going on in the morning until 5 a.m. Cow bells made into lights hang from the bar near which is a pile of miniature logs. Each "log" is a cubby hole with lock and key where regular patrons keep their bottles. Upstairs there is a rather sumptuous snack bar where you can order a full meal up to 5 a.m. One of the loveliest sights in Switzerland is the moon shining on the breast of the new fallen snow as you walk up the village from the Five to Five.

Still more staying at Klosters were: Miss **Deborah Kerr**, who has a chalet in the woods on the way to Davos, Mr. **Peter Wardell** (who is President of Marden's) and his daughters, Carol-Anne and Angela, Miss **Valerie Cunliffe-Fraser** who came out last year—a temporary casualty because of a pulled ligament—Mr. & Mrs. **Frank Arkle**, Mr. **George Hees**, Canadian Minister of Trade & Commerce, & Mrs. Hees (their daughter recently married at Cambridge) and Mr. **Eustace Guinness**.

Richard Longmore, who is 12, equalled times of boys several years older—even if he did finish like this



LINES FOR READING BETWEEN

For those interested in human-being watching, a fascinating new species is reported to be spreading over the British Isles. It is the Greater Gullible. It believes most of what it hears, and everything it reads. Because of its voracious habits, it is gradually replacing the smaller game Lesser Incredulous. Here are some samples of what it feeds on

by Mary Macpherson

From the label on a bottle of household bleach

... this liquid is guaranteed non-caustic and is **PERFECTLY SAFE** for domestic use.

Should it come into contact with the skin, however, we advise immediate ...

From an advice column for women

... Alas, your story is by no means a rare one, Mary. Believe me, I have every sympathy for you, but I am sure that once this young man is informed of the situation, my dear, he will face up to his responsibilities and ...

From the Foreign Office news page

... A Foreign Office spokesman said today that while the Foreign Office was aware of the gravity of the situation, it was felt that there was no immediate ...

From the end-of-term report

Elizabeth is a child of some individuality, and while we believe her excessive high spirits may in time

From the interval commercials in the local cinema

**MADAME
MARIE**

(No. 4 the High Street) is happy to announce to her patrons that her new Paris collection is now ...

From the report of the Annual General Meeting

... in spite of the fact that our exports have dropped slightly, particularly in Europe and Northern America (a trend, incidentally, in which we are not alone), the Board feel sure that the confidence of the shareholders is still ...

From a cosmetic advertisement

A magical new you in under ten days. Yes, it's true!

As soon as you open the bottle of our new lotion, made from petals gathered from the mountain slopes of Calabria, you will know that this is something never before ...

From the front page of a newspaper

... police working on the murder are anxious to interview a man who they believe may be able to assist them in their inquiries ...

From a woman's magazine

... our cookery column this week is devoted to recipes proving that a delicious meal for six need not cost more than a pound. Surprise your friends with ...

From a blurb

... and after grave consideration we feel that it is only right that this controversial book, with all its depths of depravity and degradation, should be put before the British Public for their judgment. We have therefore arranged, starting next week (place your orders early), because ...

From a political report

... Mr. Blank, in accepting the chairmanship, said he found himself at a loss for words. But he wanted to state, firmly and categorically, that personal ambition had never entered his calculations. The Party, he said, is what we must all ...



Felicity, daughter of the late Capt. & Mrs. Edward Kaye, and niece of Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Kitchen (her guardians), was married to Philip, son of Mr. & Mrs. Bernard Briant, of Morpeth Mansions, S.W.1, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

PICTURES: A. V. SWAEBE



Mr. & Mrs. Bernard Briant welcome their guests at the Savoy



The Hon. Mrs. Partridge, with Mr. Robin Abel Smith



Sir Robert Renwick, Bt., with Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Kitchen



Mr. Norman Lonsdale, the best man

WESTMINSTER WEDDING

and a Jamaican honeymoon for Miss Felicity Kaye & Mr. Philip Briant



Capt. E. Fitz-Clarence and Lord & Lady Cullen of Ashbourne

The bride and groom leave for their honeymoon in Jamaica and the U.S.

THE COUNTY DANCES

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



Actor Richard Todd, Mrs. Todd & the Earl of Ancaster, Lincolnshire's Lord Lieutenant

*Masters of hounds & owners
of shoots took the floor
for the annual ball at
the Assembly Rooms in Lincoln*



Mr. Tom Godson, of the Blankney Hunt, and Mr. R. P. Watts, one of the ball committee



Mr. & Mrs. Laurie Kirkby both hunt with the Brocklesby, whose country is in north Lincoln



The Lincolnshire County Ball was a good dance—it had to be. There is so much else to do in Lincolnshire, writes Muriel Bowen. "I get out of coming every second year," confessed Mr. "Gino" Henson, master of the Blankney Hunt. "After a good day's hunting well, a dance is a bit rough—like crossing ridge and furrow." (When I left at 1.10 a.m. Mr. Henson was still enjoying the ridges and furrows.)

Mr. R. A. S. Milligan-Manby, there with his wife, took up the conversation. "Shooting is our real relaxation in Lincolnshire," he said. "I'm only in it in a modest way myself, but it's a wonderful sport." He told me that a good gamekeeper is hard to come by in Lincolnshire, as elsewhere.

The evening, organized as usual by Mr. B. Leslie Barker, was a great success. A distribution of prizes during a midnight waltz means that the leading families now have much improved ironing equipment, better toast racks, &c. "They give away so many of these things you can't go two years in a row without bringing home something," the Earl of Ancaster, the Lord Lieutenant, told me.



The Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. K. Riches, with Mrs. B. L. Barker, wife of the ball secretary, her daughter Caroline and Mr. Michael Porritt



Left: Edwin Harper's orchestra played for the ball, held annually. He is at the piano

Right: Miss Lesley Davy, who lives in Louth



Bets on the next Derby will be placed through betting shops. Gaming clubs now become respectable. Summer fêtes will be full of flutters. And you can safely invite the Chief Constable to sit down to a game of poker for money . . .



BY BILLY REES-DAVIES, M.P.

B

BEGINNING this month, betting in Britain will be a much better bet. It will be better for the police, better on balance for the promoter, and certainly better for the gambler. Indeed I have heard that the improved chances at card games are already attracting big players over from the Continent. New clubs are emerging, too. The changes are caused by the new Betting & Gaming Act, which came into force this month, and its benefits can be seen at once by considering what happened before reform.

Illegal street-betting was rife; the runners were caught but the bookmaker who controlled them paid the fines for them and went scot-free. Illegal fly-by-night gaming parties enabled the promoter to milch the gambler by taking a high percentage of the winnings. Fun fairs and amusement parks engaged in illegal games and were dependent wholly on the whim of the police for prosecution; this varied in different parts of the country. Even the vicar's housey-housey was liable to attack and the pensioner's whist drives were closed down.

For any body of persons to gain at any game of chance turned them into a common gaming-house. Thus all bridge and poker clubs were illegal. Apparently the police regarded bridge as respectable and never enforced the law. But poker was prosecuted, except at Crockford's, the eminent club, which was unaccountably allowed to play in continuous violation of the law. No wonder the old laws were held in contempt! Now it is all over. The arm of the law is

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



THE NEW DEAL FOR GAMBLERS *concluded*



*A betting shop in Dublin.
Will this slightly seedy look
come to Britain in May?*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRYAN PIKE



strong, and the punter is free within reasonable limits; the common gaming-house has been buried after a life of 500 years.

NO CHANGE FOR POOLS

The new Betting & Gaming Act is in three parts and covers betting, gaming and amusements with prizes. Pool betting and lotteries are virtually unaffected.

HORSES OR DOGS



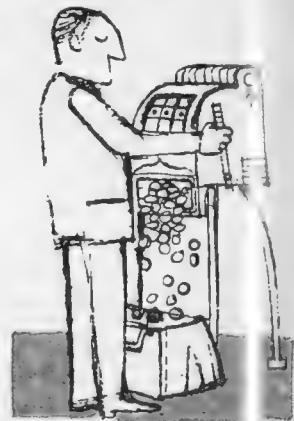
A new era opens for these. Betting at betting offices becomes legal, and it may be done either by credit or by cash. But the law ensures proper registration of premises and supervision over betting offices. By letting betting be openly conducted, street betting will be effectively outlawed. The bookie gets the badge of respectability, the punter every reasonable facility to place a bet. It all begins from May Day, the date set for the first shops to open.

HOW TO KEEP LEGAL

All gaming, cards and such-like, is now lawful if conducted as follows; either the chances in the game

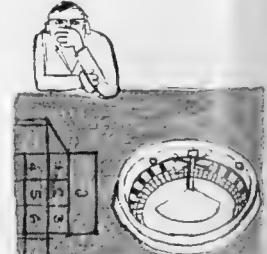
must be equally favourable to all the players or the gaming must be so conducted that the chances therein are equally favourable to all the players, and there must be no other payment required for anyone to take part in the gaming, except that in the case of a proper club, card money may be charged to play.

FUN FAIRS & FÊTES



Amusements at fun fairs and the like must be licensed and managed in accordance with a code of rules which limits the gambling to small betting. The amount for any one chance to win a prize must not exceed a bob and no money prize must exceed this sum either. Progressive gaming, which leads to very high prizes, is illegal. So the fun of the fair is protected but excessive gaming prevented. Finally, the vicar's fun and the charity fêtes not conducted for commercial purposes gain immeasurable freedom for small lotteries and games of chance.

CHEMMY & CASINO GAMES



Why, one is asked, are casinos not permitted if all gaming is lawful? The answer is (i) because casinos do not give a fair chance to the gambler, and (ii) because they take a percentage of the stakes as played, which is a great inducement to them to make the gaming excessive so as to secure a bigger profit. A casino game is defined as one in which a profit is taken out of the game as it is played. If you were to

play chemin-de-fer for 24 hours on end with a fair sum for each player all the money would go down the hole as a percentage, known as the *cagnotte*, for the casino. In roulette and baccarat there is a mathematical advantage that favours the casino, and likewise in their other games. Our law will soon prove to the gambler that it ensures that everyone, including the banker, must have an equal chance in the game. The charge paid in the club is merely fixed to provide the services for the right to play. So there is no inducement to force high stakes for the advantage of the promoter.



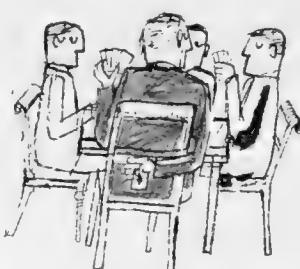
NEW GAMES

On her effect of the Act will be to encourage new In fun fairs the manufacturers are busy new fun which they could not attempt before fear of prosecution. Mathematical experts like Canasta and others are busy working out card games to fit the new law and remove the unprofitability of the casino games. If they fit the conditions I have mentioned they will all be legal. But in the main I have little doubt that the popular card games will continue without much change.

THE CASE OF CRIBBAGE

Because gambling is so diverse, no games are mentioned by name in the Act—with one exception. Cribbage and dominoes would have been killed by the provision that forbids betting in any public place. So these traditional games of the pub have been specially exempted by Parliament.

And so I end by saying happy cribbage and the best of British betting to you in the new betting year, 1961.



RANDOM DISCARDS

“Discussions and articles tending to promote interest in betting should be prohibited.”—The Churches’ Committee in evidence to the Royal Commission on Betting, Lotteries & Gambling.

“This Gaming Act, who’s seen it? And if they have seen it, who understands it?”—Mr. Michael McLaney, visiting casino operator from Cuba.

The amount of money spent on betting by the British public annually totals at least £70,000,000.

“Football pools are . . . in many ways . . . quite beneficial, since in many homes happy evenings are spent by the family remaining together and filling up their coupons.”—Roman Catholic spokesman to the Royal Commission.

Not all amusement machines are legal. Last month, just before the new law came in, Scotland Yard had a bonfire of some that didn’t pass (see picture above).

The value of Premium Bonds sold since their introduction in 1956 is upwards of £331,940,181. Prize

money of £29,215,200 has been paid out.

B-day is May Day for betting shops. To open one, a bookie must pay £100 for a permit, advertise his intentions locally, and get a magistrate’s permission.

“Gambling seems to me that it is, for most people who indulge in it, when it is done in moderation, a form of enjoyment, just as other people like a glass of wine or go to the opera.”—The late Lord Keynes.

One letter in every ten handled by the Post Office is to do with football pools.

“The exploitation of the nation’s nit-wits by the unscrupulous gambling interests is a prime factor in the nation’s apostasy from religion.”—The Scottish National League Against Betting and Gambling.

The highest individual pools win was £300,684, won by Mr. James Gault of Belfast on Littlewoods Treble Chance in January 1959. Last year’s highest win was £250,738

LORD KILBRACKEN

A bout of wanderlust

APART from two brief trips to London, which totalled only eight days between them, I've been in Ireland since Derby Day. I think this must constitute some kind of personal record.

When Killegar came my way some 10 years ago, I made a conscious decision to divide my time more or less equally between it and the world. I had travelled through 29 countries in the preceding seven years, making London my base, where I lived in a succession of furnished rooms with monthly leases—and the habit of wandering dies hard. As everyone knows, a writer can live and work anywhere, but he has to have something to write about, and Killegar, I told myself, breeds cattle but not ideas. Besides, I wanted to go on getting around.

I held to this plan for four or five years, and indeed Killegar must have seen me, I suppose, for a good bit less than half of some of them. I was in the States, and Corsica, and Russia, and Monte Carlo, and Kitzbühel, and London (to name a few main centres), whence I would return to shake myself and to sleep for a day or two before settling down to write about my wanderings and then see to the farm. And all the time, gradually, with my hardly noticing it, the farm began to assert itself and to demand me more and more.

I suppose the number of cattle in my herd is the simplest general guide to the way things have grown, though there are many other activities—tillage, forestry, reclamation, pigs. When I inherited the place, one ancient cow came with it. I couldn't then afford to buy any more stock at all, so I let most of my land, and this single ancient cow constituted, herself, my entire herd for a year or two—I sold her calves as “drops.” In the course of '52, I contrived to increase my holding of cattle to three.

Then things began to happen journalistically.

Thanks to such as the *New Yorker* and the *Reader's Digest* and *Look*, not to mention *L'Europeo* of Milan and *Illustrated* of London, I began to acquire a surplus of dollars (or of pounds, or lire) which could be promptly invested in beef. The Coronation, I remember, was a great help. By early 1953 I boasted 22 head; a year later this figure was doubled; another year and it was 53. By 1956, it was 79. Jayne Mansfield and the *Daily Express* then helped in various ways; the herd, which now was a herd, continued to grow until, last month, it reached an all-time high, as the Americans say, of 120 head. (The United Dominions Trust, let it be admitted, had some say in this, too.) I've sold a few heifers since then, and a bullock died of blackleg, but I'm still above the hundred mark and 35 calves are “expected” this year.

As this change took place, I let less and less land, and for the past five years I have been farming the whole estate myself.

It was not, however, purely a mathematical matter. Whether I liked it or not, I found myself becoming more and more intricately involved in agricultural affairs. Ten years ago, when I started, I truly knew absolutely nothing about farming at all, and didn't really want to—though I felt ashamed of my ignorance when the conversation turned to bulls, or tillage, or the relative merits of whiteheads and black Angus, as it so frequently did. (I've plumped for whiteheads.) Slowly, molecules of knowledge adhered to me and, with them, interest and enthusiasm.

It became more and more difficult to “get away.” Besides, there were more and more events I didn't want to miss: the Bull Show, silage-making, Strawberry's or Pansy's calving, haymaking, the Horse Show, the harvest. I found, willy-nilly, that every year I spent a

week or two longer in aggregate at Killegar. And now I have spent 29 of the last 30 here.

Though this is fine in its way, it simply won't do in the long run. To begin with, there is the perennial danger of turning into a potato if one stays too long in Ireland. Besides, whatever about the farm, I'm still a writer by profession, and few can go on plucking words out of the woodland and bogland indefinitely. Some could, but I can't. And so, right here and now I'm going to give brief rein to my wanderlust and set forth once again.

I'll be in Paris, probably, with London safely behind me, by the time you read these words. On thence to Cortina, glittering in the Dolomites, for a week of skiing and snow. Next to Munich, with a side-trip to Freiburg, on an unexpected assignment of a strictly James Bond genre, which may possibly yield a golden harvest—far more golden than my barley or wheat—in the fullness of time. (More on this later.) Then Paris and London again.

At this stage, the Bull Shows will draw me home again: first Carrick-on-Shannon, where I hope to sell Don Juan and Solomon, and then Ballsbridge, where I have great expectations for Killegar Caliban. (An all-red dairy shorthorn by the famous Letterkenny Golden Stroke II out of my good cow Peggy, he is, in my opinion, the best bull I've ever bred; but we'll see.) And as soon as the hammer has fallen on Caliban, I'll be off to the States for six weeks.

That's the programme, and I'll be reporting on it weekly as I see it through. It will be April, I suppose, before I settle down again at Killegar. Calving will be in full swing, the grass growing, the ploughing (with any luck) completed, the seed sown. And from the world, I hope, I will have stored up a full granary of ideas to sustain me through the summer; or until I can be gone again.

JANUARY JERSEY

... is good for both a slim look in mid-winter cold and a slim post-Christmas purse. It keeps out the chill without piling on the bulk, and it leaves enough cash over to spend on the accessories and grooming that can discipline casual jersey into high fashion

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID OLINS



Sheath dress by Kintyre is of plain black heavy batiste wool jersey with a "gym tunic" top and undefined waist loosely belted with a wide fringed wool sash. The five-row gilt and river pearl necklace by Corocraft provides a necessary note of contrast. Inset is a black and white knitted mohair and wool three-quarter coat which was designed to be worn over the dress but can be bought separately. The dress costs 7 gns. and the coat 8 gns. and both are obtainable from Barbara York, Earls Court Road, S.W.5; Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham; Calypso, Shaldon, Teignmouth. The Dolores hat in black and white fine straw trimmed with black braid costs 13 gns. from Harvey Nichols, S.W.1; Bright's, Bristol

JANUARY
JERSEY

CONTINUED

Crisp partnership of navy with white is chosen for all four of these jersey fashions. Make a start on the opposite page with a model coat of chunky navy jersey from Dior London, lined throughout with white silk taffeta and worn with Dior's white paillasson hat. Points to note: two large patch pockets topped by two ticket pockets; rounded barrel back; high, small collar; wide, chopped-off sleeves. Fortnum & Mason will have the coat in March, price 80 gns.

Left: Heavy wool jersey dress was knitted in France by Tricosa. Neckline is filled in with white ribbing, and a rouleau belt, tying at the back, nips in the front of the waistline. It costs 14 gns. and is also available in pink, ice-blue and eau-de-nil at Kenetta, Baker Street and Knightsbridge; Barrance & Ford, Brighton; Mme. Wright, Cheltenham. Below left: Holyrood made the sleeveless wool jersey dress worn with a hiplength kimono jacket fully lined with white silk and highlighted by Corocraft's black jet cascade necklace. Dress and jacket together cost 12½ gns. from Woollands, S.W.1; Affleck & Brown, Manchester; James Howell, Cardiff.

Below: Dress and coat are imported by Mirelle from Laures of Paris. The collarless coat fits under the deep white ribbed collar of the dress which is shortsleeved and has cuffs of the same white ribbing. Both the dress and the coat are of heavy wool jersey.

The coat costs 25 gns., the dress 19½ gns. at Pauline Heyman, Sloane Street, S.W.1; Copland & Lye, Glasgow; Nola, Chester









JANUARY JERSEY

CONTINUED

aking elegant use of two of the season's most popular fabrics, the three-piece (opposite page) comprises an olive-green jersey sweater and skirt teamed with a suede-fronted jacket of the same jersey which has a ribbed collar also edged with the suede. The hip-length sweater is loosely belted. Obtainable, price 41 gns. (also in other colours), from *Age Ascetum*, Regent St. and Bristol. Imported by *Mirelle Couture* from *Laures* of Paris, the bloused dress of Rodier jersey (above) is a good one to take travelling. The jersey has a fine silk-like texture and the dress is lined throughout. Shown in pale blue it is also obtainable in white, price 14 gns., from *Pauline Heyman*, Sloane St., S.W.1; *Copland & Lye*, Glasgow; *Nola*, Chester. Gilt and topaz brooch from *Presents*, Dover St., W.1. Washable, crease-resistant *Courtelle* makes the *Montego Bay* dress (alongside) in pale wistaria jersey. It costs £8 18s. 6d. from *Marshall & Snelgrove*, Norwich; *Affleck & Brown*, Manchester; *Leaders*, Leeds. *Ascher's* silk scarf





JANUARY JERSEY

CONCLUDED

Versatile import from Montreux by Swyzerli, the Swiss jersey three-piece (opposite) is in finely checked navy and white two-way knit edged with grosgrain. The bloused top can be worn without the jacket, hip-length outside the skirt, or belted as shown with the jacket. The price is 28 gns. at Woollards, Knightsbridge, S.W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, Leeds. Navy suède hat from the Dolores Boutique costs 7½ gns. at Dickins & Jones, W.1; Rackhams, Birmingham. Rima Casuals made the loose-fitting short-sleeved dress on this page. It is knitted with an ombré effect in beige and white wool and has a round collarless neckline. Its team mate is a white wool jersey coat, also from Rima Casuals, with a broad rounded back and bracelet-length cuffless sleeves. The coat costs 34½ gns., the dress about 13½ gns. Both can be bought at Harvey Nichols S.W.1; Anthonie, Cardiff; Samuels, Manchester. Beige slubbed linen hat banded with white by Dolores Glamour, costs 5½ gns. at Dickins & Jones, W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester



TOOLS OF A TRADE



1
2



*Used by some distinguished workmen
who are identified overleaf*



3



4



5



1

Lynn Chadwick needs the blacksmith's anvil. He fashions his metalwork on it in his 13th-century chapel studio. He is a master of the oxy-acetylene torch. Consequently goggles and boiler suit replace the traditional smock. His studio is attached to his home in Lypiatt Park overlooking the Stroud Valley.



2

Henry Moore works with an electric drill on his famous holes. This all-electric kit is one of his selection of tools—he has others for working in wood. With the various components he drills, rasps (note the Surform) and polishes bronze.



3

F. E. McWilliam holds his plaster in a baby's pot—useful, he says, because of the handle. A tidy worker, his studio is at the bottom of his garden in Holland Villas Road. The mechanized platform and block and tackle are for raising and lowering his work. The roll of material (scrim) is used by sculptors as a base.



4

Elisabeth Frink's work involves scissors, mallet, hatchet. Nearly always uses plaster—for which this particular set of implements is needed—and the broken bits are fitted together for new sculptures. Studio is just off Park Walk in Fulham and reveals the nearest to the conventional notion of a sculptor's work table.



5

Eduardo Paolozzi uses welding tools in his Chelsea studio. He makes them himself and usually welds or binds specially designed copper heads on to ordinary tool handles. The handyman's Stanley knife, at the back of this neat bench, is in constant use for preparing his main material, wax. At weekends he works in his cottage studio at Landermere, near Thorpe-le-Soken.

TOOLS OF A TRADE

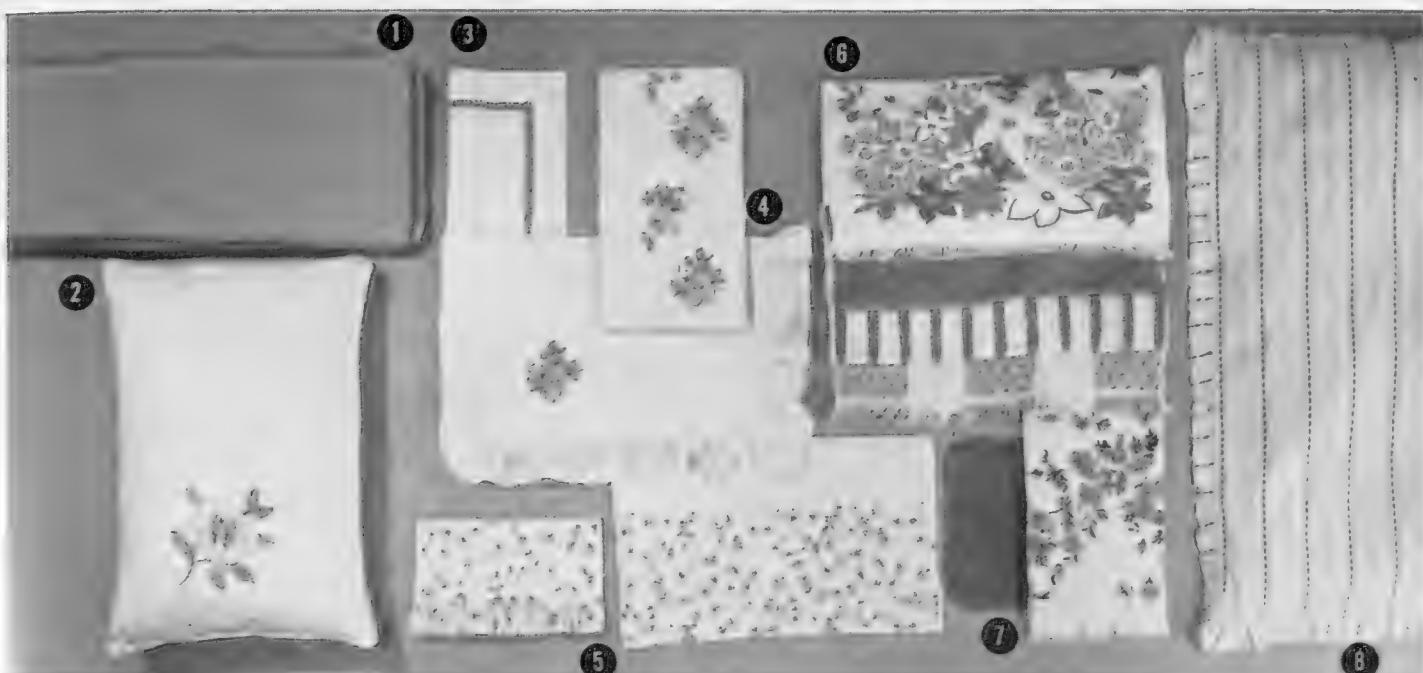
continued

Like so many other symbols, the hammer and chisel has become a pretty inadequate indication of the sculptor's skills. To work modern materials like metal and wire an almost artisan array of tools is required, and the work benches of these eminent artists might well be taken for those of a plumber or TV maintenance man. Drills, rasps, burners and goggles are the equipment needed to fashion the creations of this ancient art in 1961



Essential equipment for all sculptors, no matter what their medium, is the kettle, teapot and milk. This particular selection belongs to Henry Moore.

New lines in linen



1. Cellular blankets by Charles Early, three sizes, 55s., 75s., 95s., Woollands. 2. White satin cotton pillow cover. By Fogarty's, 5s. at Harrison Gibson, Ilford; Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester; Wylie & Lochhead Ltd., Glasgow. 3. White cotton pillowcase, embroidered border of tiny flowers; single set, 45s. 9d.; double set, 59s. 11d. By Osman at John Lewis, Oxford St., W.1; Tapletons, Nottingham; Schofields, Leeds. 4. Hand-printed scale cotton pillowcase & sheet by Haworth. Single set, 12s. 6d.; double set, £6 10s. at Peter Jones, S.W.1; Bobby's, Bayswater. 5. Fitted sheet & pillowcase in Ariel nylon by

Fogarty, sprigged-rose pattern, pastel colours on white. Single sheet, 79s. 9d.; double, 99s. 9d.; frilled pillowcase, 59s. each at Heals, W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester; Wylie & Lochhead, Glasgow. 6. Diana Cowpe-Cannon's soft bath towels in flower-patterns, from 9s. 11d. at Selfridges, W.1; Fenwicks, Newcastle-on-Tyne. 7. Towel covered with roses by Martex. Sizes from face-cloth to bath sheet; bath towel, 19s. 6d. At Heals, W.1; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Rackhams, Birmingham. 8. Scandinavian eiderdown; in any size and most pastel colours. Single bed cover, 3 gns., quilt from £9 19s. 6d. at Harvey Nichols.



1. Linen tablecloth by Fragonard, 29s. 6d. at Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1; John Wilson, Edinburgh; Elliston & Cavell, Oxford. 2. Striped cotton tablecloth, 19s. 11d., set (four napkins and cloth) 29s. 6d. By Shields of Perth, at John Lewis, W.1; Jones & Co., Bristol; Kendal Milne, Manchester. 3. Linen napkins, deep browns and white, 4s. 6d.; matching tablecloth, 52 in. square, about 37s. By Ashley, Mountney at Heals, W.1;

Hanningtons, Brighton. 4. Linen tea towels by Fragonard, 4s. 11d. from 10 February at Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1; John Wilson, Edinburgh; Elliston & Cavell, Oxford. 5. Cotton tea towel designed by Laura Ashley, made by Ashley, Mountney. 5s. 11d. at Heals, W.1; Hanningtons, Brighton. 6. Point de Venise hand-made tablecloth in natural linen, napkins to match. All sizes at Harvey Nichols. This set, complete, 95 gns.



The play

The Lion In Love. Royal Court Theatre. (Patricia Burke, Peter Fraser, Patricia Healey, Garfield Morgan, Diana Coupland.)

The films

Esther & The King. Director Raoul Walsh. (Joan Collins, Richard Egan, Denis O'Dea, Sergio Fantoni.)

The Singer Not The Song. Director Roy Baker. (John Mills, Dirk Bogarde, Mylene Demongeot.)

Les Tricheurs. Director Marcel Carné. (Pascale Petit, Jacques Charrer, Laurent Terziell, Andrea Parisy.)

The books

The French Revolution, by Georges Pernoud & Sabine Flaissier, tr. Charles Graves. (Seeker & Warburg, 25s.)

Destiny Of Fire, by Zoë Oldenbourg, tr. Peter Green. (Gollancz, 18s.)

The Outlaws Of Partinico, by Danilo Dolei, tr. R. Munroe. (Macgibbon & Kee, 25s.)

The Kremlin, by Jules Koslow. (Macgibbon & Kee, 25s.)

The Whore's Rhetorick. (Holland Press, 16s.)

A Wolf Adventuring, by Jean Forton, tr. David Hughes. (Cape, 16s.)

The records

Born To Swing, by Harold Ashby.

Harlem Washboard, by Cecil Scott.

Drinka Lita Roza Day, by Lita Roza.

The Saints Meet The Sinners, by The Saints & Mick Mulligan

The Greatest Piano Of Them All, by Art Tatum.

The galleries

Women Artists. Tate Gallery lecture.

VERDICTS

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

A disservice to Miss Delaney

IT IS A MEASURE OF THE PATERNAL concern felt by the management of the Royal Court Theatre for young playwrights likely to advance the "new drama" that they decided to bring *The Lion in Love* to London. This is the successor to *A Taste of Honey*. After a provincial tour it seemed doomed to sink without trace, but Mr. George Devine and his co-directors were evidently of the opinion that Miss Shelagh Delaney did not deserve such discouragement at the outset of her career.

I wonder if they were right. When I saw the piece in Coventry last September I took the view that anything said to suggest that the piece ought to be brought to town would be doing a disservice to Miss Delaney. Any playwright may come a cropper in trying to follow up a first success; and when that happens the less that is heard of it the better for the playwright's subsequent reputation. "To give the girl a break" may be admirable paternalism but the worst of kindnesses.

Since the Coventry production Miss Delaney has carried out some revisions and added a scene designed to strengthen the third act; but the improvements do not make much difference. *The Lion in Love* remains intractably a banal little play. The virtue of *A Taste of Honey* was that the author seemed to be writing of an experience which she knew, as though at first hand, to be essentially true. The result was a play which, however little of a work of art, conveyed its truth fragmentarily but memorably. Three characters, the pregnant girl of 16, her mother an amateur tart, and the gentle homosexual the girl turns to for company, stay lodged in the

mind. But from the Coventry production of *The Lion in Love*, though it had taken place only a few months since, I remembered little of anything or anybody.

The subject is one of those ill-assorted marriages that go on hanging together for years, to the surprise of both parties. She escapes from it in alcoholic bouts which bring her into weekly conflict with the police, he by always thinking of going off with some other woman. But she has given him children, she still has vivid memories of him as a young lover, she does not want to lose him and she is pretty certain, in spite of her own extravagances and his occasional lapses, that she will never lose him. And he knows that she is right.

It is one of those marriages in which association is more potent than all the daily irritants which threaten to wreck it. We all know of such marriages, but the particular marriage which Miss Delaney explores seems to have been glanced at from outside rather than known at first hand. There is no sign that her imagination has seized on it and made it her own. She is merely reporting on it, and the only distinctive thing about her reporting is a certain youthful freshness of approach. This shows itself chiefly in the liveliness and literalness of the dialogue, and especially the dialogue used by the street corner characters who are on the fringe of the action.

The only living character in the play belongs to this fringe—an adolescent daughter of the ill-assorted marriage who has come through her own awakening love to understand her parents' cat and dog jaunts.

Miss Delaney is a reporter who reports faithfully enough the talk she overhears and presents it without any sort of comment; for there is no sign that since writing her play with the happy valiancy of pure ignorance of the ways plays are written, she has yet begun to learn how to resolve the talk of her characters into a satisfactory dramatic action.

The actors do their best with the talk, but they are mostly left in the air groping for a firm handhold.

Miss Patricia Healey is pleasing as the adolescent girl; Miss Renny Lister and Mr. John Rees give good, wry performances as the sulky whore and her protector; Miss Patricia Burke and Mr. Garfield Morgan are good as the quarrelling wife and husband; and Miss Diana Coupland as the frustrated mistress. But it is painfully obvious that Miss Delaney has still a lot to learn before she can hope to fulfil the hopes raised by her first play.

ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

Thanks for the laugh, Joan

SANGUINARY HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING, the abduction of sooty maidens by brutal soldiers, all-in wrestling, a flogging, a strip-tease by Queen Vashti (Signorina Danielli Rocca), a smothering; hordes of underclad concubines, a decapitation (the severed head comes up nicely in CinemaScope and full colour), and a hanging—all these and Miss Joan Collins, too, are offered for your delectation in *Esther & The King*—the latest cinematic slab of Biblical "history." I will settle for Miss Collins: doe-eyed, killingly demure and with her mouth permanently ajar, she at least made me laugh. She is, of course, Esther.

Mr. Richard Egan, stolid, toothy and looking a bit mystified at finding himself in the year 400 B.C., appears as King Ahasuerus of Persia. Signor Sergio Fantoni, a handsome Italian ham with even more teeth than Mr. Egan, strides conceitedly through the role of Haman, the king's evil and ambitious chief minister. Scarcely any of the acting rises above the level commonly achieved by untalented amateurs in a village pageant: Mr. Denis O'Dea's performance as Mordecai, the upright Jew at Ahasuerus's

crooked court, is an honourable exception.

Having banished Vashti from his bed and board for unqueenly behaviour, Ahasuerus unenthusiastically inspects a hand-picked bunch of virgins: according to the law, he must take one of these as his new queen. He chooses Esther, a reluctant Jewish girl whom Mordecai persuades to accept the crown for the good of her people: she may perhaps be able to influence the King against Haman, the fomenter of Jewish persecution.

The compliment paid her by Ahasuerus at her coronation—

"Have the concubines sent to the winter palace!" he instructs his chief eunuch—leaves her a clear field in which to operate: as you probably remember from the Book of Esther (though this is not precisely the Book of the Film), she does indeed succeed in bringing about Haman's downfall. Here he is hanged for treason, attempted assassination of the monarch and (worst of all) pilfering from the royal treasury.

The exteriors (Italy or Leptis Magna?) and the colour photography are fine, but one's pleasure in them is destroyed by the garbled story

and the ludicrous dialogue. Liverishly viewing a display of wreathing, writhing and fainting in coils by the court dancing girls, Ahasuerus asks: "What idiot decided to bore me with this sorry spectacle?" It's a question you may well find yourself echoing as time wears on.

The conflict between good and evil as conventionally presented on the screen usually follows the tradition of the good old Westerns and ends with a comforting, clear-cut victory for our side. (Which side? The side of the angels, of course, my dear.) The conflict is there in *The Singer Not The Song*—

a film based on the novel by Miss Audrey Erskine Lindop (which I have not read): it lies between Father Keogh, a devout and courageous Roman Catholic priest (Mr. John Mills), and Anacleto, an utterly ruthless bandit (Mr. Dirk Bogarde), who loathes the Church.

The battle is waged in Father Keogh's new parish, the small Mexican town of Quintana which Anacleto dominates by intimidation—and very exciting it is while it lasts: but the outcome seemed to me highly controversial. Still, what's wrong with that?

Twice Anacleto's attempts to murder Father Keogh fail—the headlong (and harrowing) descent of a mountain road in a brakeless car ends without disaster, a midnight assassin's knife is safely warded off with a prayer-book. The bandit then resorts to the bloody technique he successfully used to drive away the previous incumbent (touching Mr. Leslie French)—the systematic murder of innocent parishioners, in alphabetical order.

Father Keogh stays put: he must, he feels, try to save the bandit's soul. Anacleto, hating Father Keogh's preachings, cannot help admiring the priest as a man (all this is a mite ambiguous) but is determined to crush him, all the same. The instrument he finds at hand for this purpose is a young girl, Locha (that interesting actress, Mlle. Mylene Demongeot): she is in love with Father Keogh—and he, Anacleto suspects, with her.

I think the scriptwriter went too far in making the priest kiss the girl. The scene is quite unnecessary (and rather nauseating). Father Keogh is to commit a far graver sin—the betrayal of all he believes in—by breaking his word to the bandit and delivering him to the police.

Does his act of humility in sacrificing his priesthood for the good of the community make him the victor? I rather fear that the black-leather-jacketed teenagers, mad about Anacleto's toughness and skin-tight, glistening black-leather trews, will vote the bandit the winner, black-gloved hands down. The idea doesn't please me very much. The film has been most beautifully photographed in tender colour by Mr. Otto Heller.

M. Marcel Carné's film, *Les Tricheurs* (quaintly translated as *Youthful Sinners*), has taken two years to reach the British screen and may seem a little dated. It is, nevertheless, worth seeing. I have little patience, as a rule, with the "beat" generation—but there is something unusually poignant about M. Carné's study of foolish, rather than vicious, young people. While pining for "freedom" (from adult conventions) they bind themselves by a rigid, self-imposed code that brings none of them happiness. M. Charrier and Mlle. Pascale Petit are the most effectively wretched of these wild, lost ones.



THE PARSON UP AGAINST IT.
Above: *Frowsy and embittered, Old Uncle* (Laurence Naismith) cannot decide whether to strangle or shoot his bête noire, *Father Keogh* (John Mills). Right: Also gunning for the padre is the town boss *Anacleto* (Dirk Bogarde), with whom *Locha*, the town belle (Mylene Demongeot), pleads. From *The Singer Not The Song*



SIRIOL HUGH-JONES ON BOOKS

Tale to make a raging Royalist

THE EXCELLENT HABIT OF PRESENTING history in the raw is growing—in the form of documents of the time presented with minimum editorial comment, though selection and cutting are in themselves inevitably a form of comment. The object is to collect as many points of view as possible, to afford the extraordinary excitement of looking through eyes that were living at the time; and for everyone who is entranced by happening on the price of herrings on the morning of Charles I's execution, this method is incomparable. It's necessarily untidy and full of loose ends, and you may very well get so carried away with the herrings that Charles I escapes entirely, but it has its own magic.

Georges Pernoud and Sabine Flaisier have now presented **The French Revolution** at first-hand, translated by Charles Graves. It is crammed with stunning detail: Charlotte Corday asking for permission to put on her gloves before her wrists were roped, Marie Antoinette, in the Conciergerie, putting on every morning "a little pair of slippers with trodden-down heels" and having her "lovely black velvet shoes with St. Hubert heels two inches high" brushed every other day by Rosalie Lamorlière, a chambermaid; the Noailles children going for a country walk with their tutor while he nerves himself to tell them their mother is going to the guillotine; the executioner's assistant with a rose in his mouth; the aristocratic ladies in the Conciergerie scrupulously washing their few clothes every morning at the fountain in the women's courtyard; and Sanson, the Chief Executioner, asking for a rise of pay in view of his increased expenses, the rising cost of living, and the fact that he has to hire so many assistants, "as I, personally, cannot be everywhere at once."

The witnesses include the King's daughter, soldiers, priests and the King's valet, and editorial comment or no, it makes a raging royalist of the captive reader. I'd have liked illustrations, but one shouldn't be greedy.

The current fashion in historical fiction is for witty first-person-singular memoirs from classical emperors with modern minds (Regency romance, being so timeless, goes gaily on pointing its dainty toe and shaking its sunny curls and being crushed against elegant but

virile chests without regard to what anyone else is up to). Zoë Oldenbourg is a formidable current of her own, living a large part of her life in the thick of the Crusades. Her new novel, **Destiny of Fire**, translated by Peter Green, is a gigantic, dark and tragic book about the horrors of the Albigensian persecution at the beginning of the 13th century.

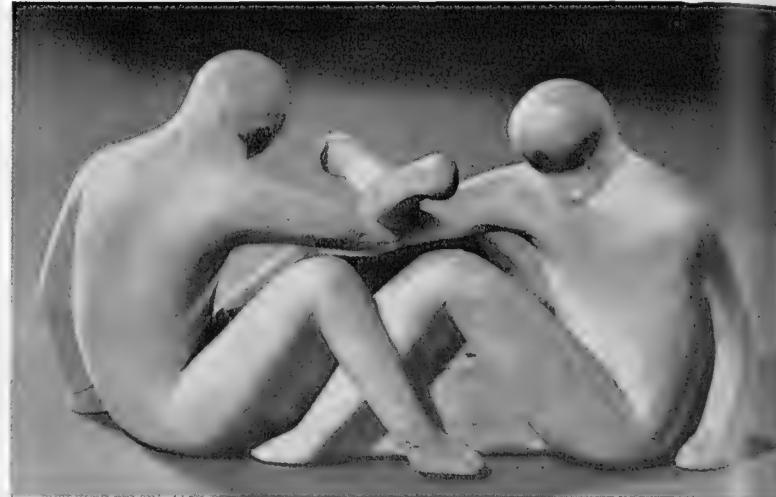
Against a vast and fully imagined background, the plot centres on one particular family, and the whole book is written as if by someone in a state of possession, which is maybe what provides some of its peculiar ferocious glitter and is perhaps the only way such a subject could be tackled at all. It gives one the odd feeling that if you take your eye off the page the flames of martyrdom might begin to crackle and char around the edges.

In brief . . . I don't know whether Danilo Dolci is a saint or not, but you can't read a page of **The Outlaws of Partinico**, translated by R. Munroe, without cheering for a man who attempts a job so vital and so near the impossible. The way the book is put together seems to me dislocated and confusing, but it hardly matters. What does matter is that there is a London office dealing with Dolci's work, and its address is 29 Great James Street, S.W.1. . . . **The Kremlin** by Jules Koslow is a lively sprint through that formidable building from its beginnings to the time of Stalin's embalmed repose; with a good fat section of remarkable pictures and some nice incidental detail, such as Queen Elizabeth I, wanting to discourage Ivan the Terrible who had his eye on Lady Mary Hastings, sending him a picture of the lady and blandly adding "She has but lately had smallpox and our painter has been obliged to depict her with a red face, deeply pitted." Ivan abandoned the idea of the pitted lady and returned several rude notes to Elizabeth calling her a common wench for not keeping her subjects properly to heel. . . .

The Whore's Rhetorick, first printed in 1683, is a gloomy dialogue between an aged and experienced Trading Lady and a novice of 15 who is eager to pick up a few hints from the expert. There are some good things now and again—it is apparently desirable, for instance, once one has admired a gentleman's adjusting of his Sword knot and Cravat string, to admire his "janty way of picking his Teeth," which is a piece of ammunition in the War Between the Sexes which had hitherto never come my way. The 1960 illustrations and arch little preface ("this outrageous manual") are horrid. . . . And **A Wolf Adventuring** by Jean Forton, translated by David Hughes, is a lugubrious but mercifully brief novel about how a single-minded gentleman takes no end of trouble to persuade a 16-year-old virgin into bed, swiftly abandons her for

another woman, and tells the reader all about it. It is widely known the French are serious about sex but this is bordering on the relentless.

The jacket says the author is "one of the outstanding of the younger French novelists" which seems a touch sad whichever way you slice it.



IT COULD BE MOORE, *it might be Picasso*. In fact it is a wood-carving by an unknown Angmassalik Eskimo of East Greenland. From *Eskimo Sculpture (15s.)* by Jorgen Meldgaard, published by Methuen tomorrow

GERALD LASCELLES ON RECORDS

The ones that got away

WHILE THE WORLD AND THE RECORD companies are busy stocktaking I must make some attempt to purge my soul and tell you about some of the good records that were issued last year, but which somehow escaped mention at the time of issue. At the top of my list is Harold Ashby's **Born to swing** (33SX1257). Harold is a tenor saxophonist with strong leanings towards Ben Webster's fluid style, and with that same perceptive ability to change the mood from one of lyricism to an almost violent rhythmic outburst. This Kansas City jazzman fits exactly into the mainstream of jazz, so it is hardly surprising to find that the session was supervised by Stanley Dance, who successfully lured his pet drummer, Oliver Jackson, to the studio for this date.

The name of Dance appears as supervisor of another set, in which I detect an element of subterfuge. When Chris Barber was touring the States in 1959 he aided and abetted this recording of **Harlem Washboard** (33SX1232) which features a typical washboard band under the leadership of Cecil Scott. The jazz historian will know at once that Clarence Williams made many famous sessions with an almost identical band, in which Scott played clarinet. The washboard itself is what it says—a slatted instrument which, when strummed, produces a noise not unlike a snare drum. For me the

most important thing is the presence on three tracks of veteran trombonist T-Bone Jefferson, who blows the rest of the band into a cocked hat. Pianist Don Frye contributes several copybook passages, just to prove that the stride style is far from dead.

Milk drinking not being my "forte," I was horribly put off by the title of an LP (NPL18047) which read **Drink a Lita Roza Day**. It turned out to be a rather light-hearted session, featuring ex-Ted Heath singer Lita Roza, which was recorded in the improbable setting of the Prospect of Whitby, at Wapping. Miss Roza treats her pieces with sympathy, if not always with full jazz feeling, but her accompanists, notably pianist Dave Lee, make good any deficiencies in this direction. I wish more companies would make records like this, to encourage the informality so necessary to produce good jazz.

Two of the oldest established British jazzmakers share the honours in the aptly named **Saints meet the sinners** (PCS3005). The Saints are from Manchester, where they have dispensed their special brand of revivalist jazz for nearly 10 years. Their sound is as full, but not as interesting, as Mick Mulligan's London based group, which boasts a permanent ability in singer George Melly. I know trumpeter/leader Mick well enough to say that he assumes most gracefully the mantle of sinner bestowed upon him!

The Tatum saga is maintained by two interesting, if not always quite original EPs. **The greatest piano of them all** (7EG8604) features his solos of such typical material as *Moonlight on the Ganges* and *Isn't it romantic*, whereas **Rapport in rhythm** (7EG8619) finds clarinettist Buddy de Franco in the forefront. Frankly Tatum plays circles round him, but the result is always jazz when he is at the keyboard.

ROBERT WRAIGHT ON GALLERIES

Why can't women paint?

HOW MANY WOMEN ARTISTS OF FAME
can you name?

I put this question to a number of intelligent people not directly connected with the art of painting and was surprised (or was I?) that many could not name a single one, and none could name more than three. Thinking over what seemed at first an appalling state of ignorance, I realized that the fault lay not so much with my quizzers as with the women artists, of whom so few have achieved fame.

Vigée-Le Brun, Rosa Bonheur, Berthe Morisot, Mary Cassatt, Suzanne Valadon, Ethel Walker, Gwen John, Frances Hodgkins....

My own list, even when stretched to include a delightful freak like Grandma Moses or a few contemporary charmers like Anne Redpath and Mary Kessell, would run to barely a dozen. As to greatness, there just is no such thing among women in art or, for that matter, in any of the arts.

The immediately obvious answer, that women have been practising as painters for only a small fraction of the time that men have, is far from satisfactory. And the one that says that women are inferior in all creative arts (excepting, of course, the primary one of child-bearing) is disputed by the distaff half.

It is not only a fascinating problem but a irritating one as well and so, when I saw an announcement that one of the Tate Gallery's lectures (Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 3 p.m.) was to be "Women artists," I made a point of being there in the fond belief that, at last, the answer was to be revealed.

The rendezvous was Gallery XV. The lecturer, listed simply as "L.B." in the announcement I had seen, looked like an ex-R.A.F. type salesman and had an appropriately easy, breezy manner. He rallied his audience around a portrait of Vanessa Bell, by Ethel Walker. Nineteen women and one man on camp stools gathered round him and another score of us stood behind them.

Most of the women carried shopping bags of some sort, and looked as though they had "come to Town" for the day. One was a nun who gave the rest of us an object lesson in calm and concentration. She never fidgeted once. Not even when the lecturer harped (rather tactlessly, I thought) on the excessive

chastity of one of the artists he was describing.

Unfortunately, as soon as he opened his mouth I realized that "L.B." was not going to be the answer to my prayer. He began by apologizing for the subject of his lecture arguing, as so many people do, that there is no reason, excuse or justification for separating women from men as artists.

This is an argument (to paraphrase Sir Winston) up with which I will not put. I am all for separating women in everything. And in any case, Nature has already separated them whether we like it or not.

I find that in the work of those whom I admire most there is invariably something immediately recognizable as feminine. It's there in Morisot, Laurencin, Cassatt (in spite of her apeing Degas), Gwen John, Redpath, Kessell.

In his talk "L.B." said that there are more girls than boys in our art schools today. I don't think he is right in this but, whether he is or not, the fact is that most of the painting produced by female students is indistinguishable from that produced by males. This competition with men on their ground means that the women artists are throwing away the only quality they have that men have not—their womanliness. It means, too, that they can never be more than mannerists.

But to get back to "L.B." Because his audience was so heterogeneous he was, understandably, at pains to be amusing and his talk consisted largely of anecdotes about Ethel Walker and Gwen John culled from the writings of the Rothensteins, *père et fils*. Very well received was the story of how Miss Walker told Sir John Rothenstein that he must buy lots of her pictures because "every purchase of my work strengthens and enriches the sum of good pictures in the Tate Gallery." This apparently enormous conceit was mitigated for Sir John by the knowledge that the artist earnestly believed to her dying day at the age of 90 that she was the reincarnation of some great genius of the past.

Also interesting was the contrasting of Miss John's quiet, self-effacing life with that of her dynamic and exuberant brother Augustus. He even went so far as to suggest that Gwen John's sensitive, thoughtful painting will, one day soon, be rated above Augustus John's. In support of his prognosis "L.B." called Augustus's painting "slick." It was probably a slip of the tongue, but it was still the most provocative thing he said in an hour's non-stop talk.

One day it might be worth while to investigate the charge of slickness against artists like John and find out if their prodigious dexterity and skill as draughtsmen and painters is not, in fact, inimical to the highest development of their art.

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

Design for tipplers

ROBERT ADAM remarks in his *Works In Architecture* that "Englishmen are accustomed by habit or induced by the nature of our climate to indulge more largely in the enjoyment of the bottle than the French!" The observation helps to explain the variety of 18th-century designs for cellarets and wine cisterns. Both items were once in daily use to ensure the smooth service of a gentleman's drink but their respective utilities have become confused and it is well to consider now the differences between them.

A cellaret is exactly what the name implies—a miniature cellar for keeping a reasonable supply of about nine bottles ready to hand beneath the serving table in the dining-room. Cellarets always had a lid, were lead-lined and supplied with castors (when full they were too heavy to lift). Even when sideboards with cellaret drawers were introduced about 1780, a mobile cellaret was usually kept handy as well. They varied in shape and design; the octagonal type was the more common but square, oval and sarcophagus shapes were also popular. Their decoration was usually handsome, with carving, inlay or brass. The example shown (below left) is dignified rather than elaborate, and typical of the less

ostentatious kind. There is a particularly fine one of somewhat later date at the National Maritime Museum, originally the property of the first Lord Nelson.

Wine cisterns, or coolers, on the other hand, were for keeping wine due for immediate drinking properly iced. Originally, during the 16th and 17th centuries, they were made in the solid and placed on the dining table. They had no lid and were filled with ice—sometimes they were even used for washing plates and cutlery during the meal. The finer ones were made of marble or silver and magnificently decorated, the lesser ones of pewter or copper, but the most usual design was a splatted oval mahogany cistern held together by brass bands resting on a stand of four short legs with castors. They had lead liners and often a tap at the base to run off the melted ice. This type is shown in the second illustration. Both pictures are by courtesy of Messrs. Denys Wrey, Ltd., of Sloane Street, Knightsbridge.

With refrigerators commonplace, wine cisterns have little practical use today though in many households they do duty as *jardinières*, the facility for draining off the water or retaining it in the lead liner making them ideal plant containers.



RAYMOND FORTT



WINTER LIGHTWEIGHTS



BARRY WARNER

The fresh and airy scents of summer make a refreshing smell in January chill. No need to abandon a rest-of-the-year favourite, for the chances are that it's now available in a lightweight version. Three examples of classic brands that have been given this treatment are on view here. Some women may find they will prefer a well-known scent in its lightweight version, as the effect is more muted and suited to conservative English tastes. Frenchwomen tend to go further and choose flowery lightweights—they know these make a good contrast to chic clothes. They go to places like Floris of Jermyn Street who distil traditional flower scents like Stephanotis.

Wafting in alongside are Worth's *Je Reviens* in lightweight form, ready to spray in an atomizer, and Dior's *Miss Dior* which has turned up in eau de toilette. A fainter version of Chanel's **No. 5** is caught in a case with a patent leather shine that enshrines 800 metered jets. Lastly, Atkinson's newest, *Bal de Fleurs* (they import it from Italy), in a lofty flacon—only from Atkinson's salon at 24 Old Bond Street. Another new lightweight, not on show here, is Molyneux's *Numero Cinq* in a green atomizer, 4 gns.

The best way to wear these lightweights is sprayed on lavishly, for the new formulas are not quite as potent as the full-strength scents. But their fragrance is often better in today's hot house temperatures; it lasts, and yet it never becomes overpoweringly strong.

Lightweight is also the word for the machinery at Figurine in Oxford Street (HYD 7921), where 27 tons of gear is assembled to fit and shape. £20 a year opens their doors to you and the vast slimmers' paradise within—91 machines to meet every sort of problem, shower and steam rooms, lounge, sun and changing room. And since it is open from nine in the morning to nine at night, it is possible to drop in round six and have a bath, hairdo and make-up before changing for the evening (there are 100 dressing cubicles). In fact, Figurine is the largest of its kind and it even has muted background music which even echoes mistily in the steam rooms through waterproof loudspeakers.

Elizabeth Williamson

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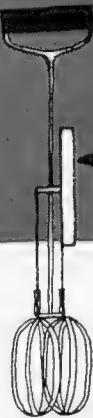
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DINING IN

Helen Burke



A reviver to relish

AFTER INDULGING IN RICH FOOD over a period, as most of us have done in recent weeks, one's digestion sometimes refuses to take any more punishment. Then is the time to make a dish including sauerkraut (*choucroute*) because this pickled sour cabbage is one of the best known digestive revivers. I know a gourmet who, after three days in Paris, invariably pops into his favourite small restaurant, whose speciality is *Choucroute Alsacienne*.

Using a can of sauerkraut, one can quite easily prepare a main dish in less than 20 minutes. Turn the cabbage into a saucepan and season to taste, adding a pinch of sugar, perhaps. If you like caraway seeds, put a few of them into a pepper mill and grind them in it.

Add also, if you wish, a tiny measure of dry white wine. Place a couple of frankfurters and a slice of boiled gammon on top of the cabbage. Cover closely with a round of butter paper, put on the lid, heat through and serve. The dish is so moist that it requires no gravy.

Many years ago, an Alsatian chef gave me the following recipe, a marvellous dish for those who like this simple but robust food:

CHOUCRUTE ALSACIENNE: Buy 2 lb. of sauerkraut (for 5 to 6 servings) from a delicatessen shop, where it is usually sold "loose" from a barrel. Wash well, then drain and squeeze dry. Place a piece of pork rind, 2 to 3 inches wide, in a casserole. On it lay a slipper of smoked bacon, previously soaked

(if necessary). Add also a smallish German smoked sausage and 6 to 8 oz. streaky bacon, cut into four strips. Season with pepper, very little salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of caraway seeds passed through a pepper mill as above, or a few juniper berries. Add the remaining sauerkraut and a cupful of white wine, preferably Alsatian. Cover closely with butter paper and the lid and braise the lot slowly for at least 3 hours. If liked, cook separately 1 to 2 frankfurters for 5 mins.

When the time comes to serve the dish, remove the bacon and slice it. Cut the sausages into 2-inch pieces. Turn the sauerkraut on to a heated platter adding the bacon, sausages and plainly boiled potatoes.

Sauerkraut, heated through, can be served with any meat in place of "ordinary" cabbage—especially after a surfeit of rich fare.

The following sweet, inspired by *POIRES À LA DAUPHINE*, is easily prepared with bought sponge and canned pears.

Start with a round of fatless sponge cake. Split it through to make two layers and sandwich them with slightly sweetened whipped cream, flavoured with Kirsch.

Make a simple apricot glaze this way: Turn 3 to 4 oz. of apricot jam into a small pan. Add a tablespoon of boiling water and boil up. When it has again thickened enough, rub it through a fairly fine sieve. Coat

the top of the cake with some of this. Drain and dry 5 to 6 halved canned pears and place them, stem ends inwards, on top of the sponge. Coat them, too, with the apricot glaze and sprinkle the surface with chopped blanched pistachios. Fill the centre with more whipped cream, sweetened and flavoured.

In the country for the Christmas holiday, I was asked if I would make a fruit salad from an unimpressive list of ingredients, including apples, which, generally, I never use in such salads, as they contribute nothing to them except bulk. Strangely enough the experiment came off and a very useful emergency salad it turned out to be.

Cut a large can of pineapple rings into small wedges and place them and their juice in a longish oval not-too-deep glass dish. Add the juice of a lemon, small wedges of dessert apples and bananas, cut through in half and then sliced. Add an avocado pear, peeled and sliced, and segments of several mandarin oranges.

So far, the colour was not too good—but there were a can of lychees and jars of cocktail cherries, both green and red. I filled each stoned lychee with a cherry and arranged them alternately around the dish, then sprinkled the lot with a little of the cherry juice.

It was a very attractive salad and made a pretty picture.

MAN'S WORLD

David Morton



The cruellest cut of all

THE MONEY SPENT EACH YEAR ON men's wear regularly tempts women's couturiers into crashing the same market. Dangerous quicksands lie ahead, for though many cutters have successfully made the opposite transition, from men's tailoring to shaping suits for women, the two arts remain diverse. Men's clothes evolve at a snail's pace compared to those of women. But though the evolution is slow, it is steady and it can't be speeded up artificially. There has to be a reason for a change, and even then it may take years before it is accepted, generally in a modified form.

Of London couturiers, only one has offered any worthwhile thoughts in my opinion—Hardy Amies. And even he did not dare to attempt any

major revolutions in style, but contented himself rather with a well-designed range of satellite accessories showing mixed imagination and restraint. He pioneered the now almost played-out horizontally striped shirt to be worn with a stiff round-ended collar, and designed ties, pyjamas and dressing gowns, adding recently a pleasant range of toilet preparations. Almost all of the Paris couturiers have designed ties, led by Christian Dior, who wanted not only to outfit a woman from head to toe at his boutique, but to enable her to take home a tie for her husband, presumably as a sort of peace-offering. The moral of the story seems to be that a couturier can invade the men's wear field with good chances of

success if he will only limit himself to minor but important accessories.

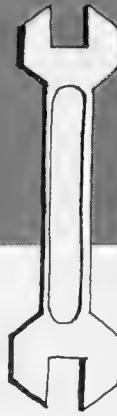
For some years M. Cardin played safe with ties, splendid gold chunky cuff-links and belts, but now he has launched into the suit market; the result is to be seen in Bond Street, where passers-by do a double-take outside John Michael's windows and then gaze in awe and wonderment at three little numbers. John Michael's is a courageous and venturesome shop that always has something interesting to show. We should count ourselves lucky to have somewhere to see clothes like this, even if, like myself, one is not tempted to dash in and buy. I have no words for M. Cardin; in Hilaire Belloc's tart phrase he is "I know not what." Belloc used it in the context of wine-murder, but it seems equally applicable to a man who makes suits without collars or lapels.

Such omissions lead me to imagine a tailor with not quite enough material to finish the suit—an impression enhanced by the flapless pockets. On the other hand, there were more than enough buttons to go round, nice flat polished horn ones, and no fewer than five were sewn on. Apparently they came in only one size, for the cuffs have none. M. Cardin's muse deserted him when he came to the trousers, consequently they are just trousers, and nice ones, too. Fine handwoven Scotch tweed is lavished on this suit which costs 36 gns.

In heavy ribbed corduroy with patch pockets it costs 28.

I felt less strongly about the second design, which is a sort of suit sans trousers; i.e. a jacket and matching jerkin to be worn over heavy twill trousers in the country. M. Cardin's convictions seem to have wavered just at this point for this jacket has a collar—a rather full step one. Four leather buttons fasten right to the neck, giving a long appearance. The sleeveless jerkin has a zip at the side, and is silk backed with an adjustment band. There are two pockets bound with broad bands of dark leather and set fairly low, and again Scotch tweeds are used, in a pleasing range of colours and checks. Across the Channel this ensemble is thought suitable for shooting parties, and after seeing a French shoot I am not a bit surprised. It costs 34 gns.

The third design has a jacket oddly reminiscent of a battledress blouse; and that's about all I can fairly say. And having said it let me advise you not to miss John Michael's two-piece suit in 13 oz. fine houndstooth. Conservative in feeling, it has interesting features, such as a fly-front to the jacket, and consequently no visible buttons. Though single-breasted the jacket is cut square at the front, and actually has lapels, fairly narrow ones, 2 in. wide instead of the more normal 2½ or 3 in. This suit costs 45 gns., made-to-measure.



MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

The sports cars that come boxed

HAS ENTHUSIASM FOR SPORTS CARS reached a low ebb in England? It would be easy to conclude so, for the big sports car manufacturers sell only one car in 20 of their total output on the home market. But a visit to the Racing Car Show which filled both of Westminster's Horticultural Halls recently would soon have dispelled any such idea. This was a show for the younger generation, with an atmosphere of the paddock at Silverstone, Goodwood or Brand's Hatch. There were lots of pretty girls in jeans, sheepskin jackets or black stockings and gay colours, with men in narrow trousers, sports jackets and Tyrolean hats. There were racing drivers, team managers and mechanics planning this year's racing, and designers taking a close look at each other's latest cars and thinking already about what they ought to be building to win races in 1962.

Above all, the show was a paradise for the large numbers of young

enthusiasts who build their own sports cars from kits and so save purchase tax. The girls stood by patiently while husbands and boy friends argued interminably over the merits of air-flowed heads, twin carburetters and competition camshafts, but brightened visibly when called on to help in the choice of a new body. You can buy all the parts you need to build a fast little Lotus Seven sports two-seater, including a new Ford Anglia engine and gearbox, for £499. But this is admittedly motoring for the hardier souls, with cycle-type wings and no doors. The girls who value their comfort steered their escorts firmly towards the coupé kits, a number of which are now quite as attractive in shape as the bodies turned out by some of the Italian coachbuilders.

The Ashley, Heron, Debonair and Falcon are four outstanding new ones. You can convert a second-hand Ford Ten into a sleek modern Debonair coupé for under £500 and even if new parts are used the price

would be under £700. The more enterprising builders like to shop around for their parts, buying engine and tune-up kits from one firm, a new chassis frame from another and a body from a third. Girl friends usually find themselves manoeuvred into helping with the paintwork, upholstery and interior trim. They can hardly refuse when reminded that Hazel Chapman helped Colin to build the first Lotus in her father's garage—and look where Lotus is today. In any case, though body shapes are often very attractive there is usually scope for improvement in the way the upholstery and interior trim is carried out and this is a department where a little feminine influence might be useful.

The salesmen, mostly young, like their customers, all seem to be eager, enthusiastic and well informed, in sharp contrast to some of the languid characters, with practically no knowledge of the product they are selling who are often encountered at the Earls Court Motor Show. Perhaps occasionally their enthusiasm led to a certain exaggeration. I watched one young salesman explaining to a female in a fur coat with hands that had obviously not done much engine tuning lately that anyone could assemble his plastic body in a few hours. "Do you mean anyone?" she asked. "Yes, anyone," he replied. "Me, for example?" she insisted. And looking her up and down he had to agree reluctantly: "Well, perhaps not anyone."

This was also the show for racing car constructors like Cooper, Lotus, Emeryson, Bond and Elva who

showed their latest Formula Junior racing cars, and the small sports car manufacturers who do not qualify for the Earls Court Motor Show. There were the TVR G.T. coupé made in Blackpool, the GSM Delta designed in South Africa and now made in Kent. There was also a new Elva Courier coupé which offers a lot more comfort than the roadster. Frank Nichols, who makes Elvas by the hundred down at Hastings, is one of our most self-effacing car manufacturers. He never goes looking for publicity but quietly commutes between Hastings and the United States achieving exports worth millions of dollars. In fact, his cars are better known in America than they are in England, but he sells them in kit form to British buyers and he makes a point of seeing that all the parts fit together before they are sent out. In fact, he told me: "When we send out a kit we even put the split pins in the bolts and supply the oil for the engine, gearbox and back axle."

This is a fascinating new business which has grown up alongside the established motor industry and is selling parts to enthusiasts all over the world. I took two Italian visitors round the show and they were amazed at the extraordinary range of parts, kits and components Britain now has to offer to the performance enthusiast. The British Racing and Sports Car Club has organized a show well worthy of it. It is now established as an annual event and the reception that launched the show set a standard which should make it one of the outstanding motoring parties of the year.



Three to make: Top: Ashley conversion (kit £500-£700). Above: G.S.M. Delta, made in Kent (kit £666). Right: The TVR Grantura (kit £880-£1,045)



Weddings



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Engagements

Dundas—Pilkington (left): Alice Kirsty, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Dundas, of The Old Rectory, Slaugham, Sussex, was married to Antony, son of Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Pilkington, of Abbey Wood, Delamere, Ches., at St. James's, Spanish Place

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COX’S ORANGE PIPPINS—a correction: The price of the hand-grated apples advertised by CRUNDALL’S FRUIT FARMS LTD., c/o 99 High Street, Eltham, S.E.9, was incorrectly printed in our issue of 21 December. It should have been 20s., carriage paid, per 10 lb. carton. Our apologies for this error.

EXHIBITIONS

POOLE POTTERY Cook and Serve Exhibition, Ceylon Tea Centre, Regent Street, London, S.W.1, January 13-27 (except Sundays), 10-6.30. January 28, 10-1.

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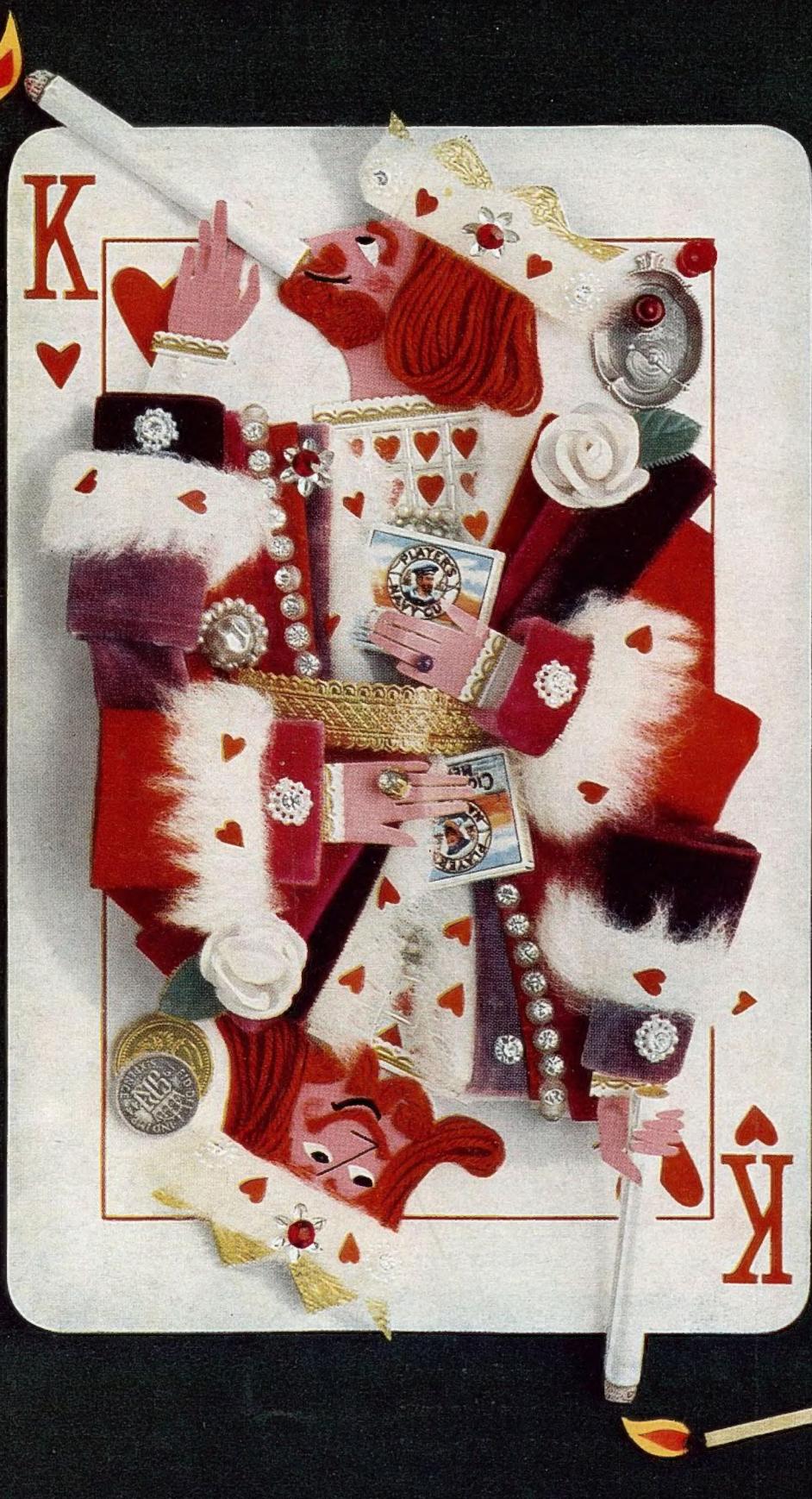
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